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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Nellie McHenry's Frisk, and What It Remembers—Salsbury, Hero, Capitalist, Warrior, Pioneer, Manager, Man—In the Tepee and on the Stage—Rose Coghlan's Peg Woffington—Her Imperial Carelessness—The Duel with Hill—Mr. Howard's Earnings.

The genuine frisk came with Nellie McHenry. Her feet fill the bill. She reminds you somewhat of Mrs. Thurber's opera, and Mrs. Thurber's opera always reminded me of Hood's camleopard: "So towering at the head, but, oh, so dwindling at the tail."

Give way, however, for a time to the pure frisk. And here it is. The German farce upon which the absurdity called a Humming-Bird is founded has been used over and over again. There is nothing new in it—except McHenry's feet.

When you come to talk about Nate Salsbury, mind you, in my opinion this farce is a mere rag on his ability. He fits into it very much as an archbishop would fit into the tomfoolery of his youngsters in the half-hour's gladness of the nursery.

I don't think you know Nate Salsbury. Certain it is, you would never know him from watching him in the sportiveness of The Humming Bird.

Hero, capitalist, warrior, pioneer, manager, man, and written down in a thousand great hearts as a royal good fellow. How in the name of bagatelle can you size him up in a farce when he merely lets the outflow of a tremendously vital nature waste itself in fooling?

I suppose everybody in town who is worth knowing was at the Star Theatre on Monday night. Mr. Frank Maeder had his right arm dislocated with shaking. It was "How are you," and "Hello, old boy," from half-past seven till half-past eight.

I looked through the iron filigree of the box and that packed parquet resolved itself into one great familiar face with one hearty beam of welcome on it. There wasn't a quirk of criticism anywhere. They didn't care what the farce was. It was sufficient to know that Nate Salsbury's head was at one end and Nellie McHenry's feet at the other.

There he was—a funny man. I looked at him in his absurd make-up, but I was thinking of him in his artillery jacket, at the head of his battery, smoke-begrimed, wheeling into line in a shower of shells and bullets.

I saw him skip round the stage in his own inimitable antics while the house shook. But I thought of him at a time when the nation had no merriment in it; when every home had a bloody vacancy; when a million hearts were sick and sad, and Nate Salsbury was at the front with a remnant of the old flag in his hands, and all that was brave and true and loyal in the blood of the Yankee boy was ready to pour itself out there, as they went through the storm to victory.

I heard him sing his song, in his own clear-cut way, "As Long as the World Goes Round." But I was thinking of him in the great outdoors of the West, a thousand miles from a parquet, with a hundred warriors bending their plumes to him and calling him "The Little Big Chief."

I was thinking of those heroes, who admire nothing but courage and masculinity, adopting him into their tribe, because they had no other way of showing their admiration for his manly qualities.

I saw him grimace and jump; but I was binking of the bunch of muscles on his neck where that bullet went through.

I saw the dudes in the front seats laugh at him; but I thought of him on his ranch—the best man in his party—and I saw Buffalo Bill and Buck Taylor, and even Rocky Bear, in a box, come to do him honor.

I saw him amuse the crowd; but I remembered the days and starlit nights with him in his tepee, and I learned that he was looked up to and loved by the simplest, strongest, roughest of men.

I wondered if the strangers who were amused by him on Monday night were asked what they thought of him, if they would not have said: "An amusing fellow—a very good low comedian—large sense of humor—quite entertaining, really."

And I couldn't help thinking what the heroes and fighters and dusky children of the plains had said of him. "The man who could not lie" was the character Sitting Bull gave

him. "The biggest little man with a pale face," was what they told me at a camp-fire. They said he never broke his word; never deserted a friend; never turned back from a danger, and never went on in a wrong.

Heavens! Have we got to go to the borders to get our men sized up?

Did you ever meet Nate Salsbury out of the professional arena? A little man, but, oh, trip-hammers and Bessemer, he's compact! One of your fellows who wasn't melted and run, but dug out and pounded—hammered into a man. The very color of his face is cloudy with the storms that have beat upon it. It is the tawny livery, not of the actor, but of the doer. It has faced the Northwest when there was death in it. The alkali and the sand have beat upon it in vain; the hot Southern midnights have brooded over it. Orion and the Pleiades have shed their mystic dews upon it, upturned in the stillness of the wilderness.

be going to admire Georgie Duffie ride an American mustang.

Rose Coghlan's Peg Woffington disappointed me. It was, I thought, a careless performance; a go-as-you-please air about it that sits very well on Nellie McHenry, but not on Peg. She played it the night I saw it as a coquette snaps her fingers. Her wicked eyes said she owed no obligation to Charles Reade; and she had her own way of getting through.

It was her own way entirely. And there was a time when Rose Coghlan's own way was a gratification. But the sensuous independence of personality which can defy artistic requirements, gets to be shiftlessness sooner or later, and finally ends in recklessness.

These favorites have to learn that they cannot always reign by divine right of appearance without endeavor. Some one is sure to

fluence over the other sex are anything but beautiful.

I have myself on more than one occasion seen a country girl whom nature had cunningly fashioned to walk away with the triumphs of belles and countesses, and all they could do was to turn up their noses and decry her.

Rose Coghlan had something of that gift when she was at Wallack's. She had champions and admirers by the battalion, not one of whom could tell why he championed her.

She never was a superb artiste. She had an imperial carelessness in her best work that betrayed how she had been flattered and spoiled. But the shield of Wallack's Theatre turned most of the arrows of criticism. She never was held to a strict accountability by the public. Other women were measured by the most merciless standards of art. She was accepted at sight. I saw her play in Moths once, and

for work, and I had work to be conscientiously done, I'd buy Hill.

Have you seen that little woman—Armstrong I think her name is—in The Silver King? Jehu! what a lot of precious stuff there is in her. Wait awhile. She'll attract attention presently. There isn't much of her—but what there is is eighteen carat.

What, you will ask, has all this to do with Nellie McHenry's feet?

Pardon me for the digression. It is sometimes difficult to stick to one's text.

Nellie McHenry's feet are thrown on as if by a bit of glass in a boy's hand. They are will-o'-the-wisp feet. You have heard in Chicago of feet so large that they filled the stage. Until Nellie arrived you never heard of feet that filled it with motion. There is nothing in the text that can keep them still for a moment. They are filled with quicksilver. Nobody can make out whether they are large or small feet, for they do not stop long enough. They remind you of Tom Ochiltree's lies, or one of Joe Howard's pathetic articles, or the circulation of the *World*. They change like Nat Goodwin's bill. They're as light as a Third Avenue matinee.

I couldn't make out what they meant any more than I could make out what The Humming-Bird was about. I have a confused recollection of a phantasmagoria with Nellie McHenry's legs whirling all through it.

"At last," said Mr. Howells, "we have a drama in which there is something going on. It is McHenry's legs."

"A charming entertainment," said Chandos Fulton: "loquacity at one end and vivacity at the other—and Nellie between."

"How long will it go on?" asked Steele Mackaye.

"As long," replied Howells, taking another look at the slippers—"As Long as the World Goes Round."

NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—Mr. Wallack has, with the most remarkable self-abnegation, gone out of his way to furnish every man on Broadway with a new joke. The town has been stimulated for a week with it. Nobody is so poor that he doesn't get a turn on it. The manager, in order to advertise Harbor Lights, has erected a tower on the building with a revolving light in it. This is the way the joke works: Sydney Rosenfeld, Mr. Donnelly, of the Bijou, and Mr. Ed. Gilmore hire men all the time to come down Broadway and break in upon them with the remark, "Big thing that of Wallack's."

"What is it?" asks S. R., D. and E. G.

"Why, he's got a light house," continues the man.

Instantaneous rejoinder of S. R., etc.: "Oh, that's a chestnut; he's had that every night for the whole season!"

It seems that the lustrous-legged Farrell, of the Bijou, disappeared suddenly the other night. A wave of consternation ran through the Stock Exchange and made a tremor in the Lotos Club. Who had got her?

It turned out later that the little woman was sick—had weak lungs—(fancy a woman with those legs having weak lungs!) And the doctor told her that if she wis ed to go on in her radiant career, she would have to go on in the direction of a warmer climate.

So while Broad street is wondering, the little woman is speeding over the continent in thick-soled shoes to Santa Barbara.

I asked Dr. Hamilton what was the matter with her. He looked serious a moment, and then said: "Well, she tried to sing, and it brought on a hemorrhage."

"In whom?" I asked.

"Oh, in the patient," he said.

Not ten minutes later I met Joe Howard fleeing to Montreal. He looked pale and nervous, and he had a little book in his hands.

"See here," he said, "I can show you that I've made \$150,000 during the last year. The Boston *Globe* pays me \$500 for a letter, the Philadelphia *Press* pays me \$400 for the same letter, and the *World* gave me \$300 a week to reprint the same letter."

"But why flee to Montreal?" I asked. "Only Aldermen and bank cashiers—"

"My boy, I go to make a contract for a thousand dollars a week to put the same article in a Montreal paper after the *World* gets through with it."

Poor Joe!

N. C.

Mme. Maria Salvotti, the prima donna, will give a concert at Chickering Hall on Feb. 13, when she will be assisted by Mme. Bulkeley Hills, Richard Arnold, Christian Fritsch, Emilio Cautti, the Gounod Club, Emilia Agnes, Carl Walter and Director William Mulligan, organist of St. Leo's church.



EMMA ABBOTT.

Some gleam of the American cougar is in that alert brown eye, and, when roused, a spark of the American prairie fire.

That's the man in The Humming-Bird. What do you think of him?

Why, when I came to measure Nate Salsbury by what I knew of him, everything in The Humming Bird grew smaller—even Nellie McHenry's feet.

Between ourselves, there's more man in Nate Salsbury's fooling than there is in Willson Barrett's tragedy.

As Emerson would put it—a great free wind of resolution blows through it.

While we are watching this hammered man in motley, he has great schemes pending. In a month or two he takes that enormous organization, The Wild West, to England, where I believe it will excite a broader and deeper interest than it can possibly excite here, and where my lord and lady from Rotten Row will

come into the field who is fresher, more industrious and more ambitious.

Rose Coghlan is still a woman of singular personal fascination—especially to men. It is vain to try and analyze what that attractiveness is.

It is a sexual gift. Her action, her voice, her manner please the masculine sensibility, and those who do not stop to think about it call her a good actress.

Nothing is so familiar and so baffling to us as the sexual charm of a woman.

By sexual, I mean that indescribable vital grace in one sex which continually draws the other sex to it. We see it every day. A girl without education and without money turns all the male heads, and not one of them can tell why. It is not transcendent beauty. If it were there would be no mystery about it. Some of the women who wield the widest in-

thought at the time I had never before seen so sumptuous an iceberg. I saw her once play Camille in a condition and manner that would have damned any other woman forever.

I don't think it hurt Rose.

I remember her in Joan—a patched up melodrama of the cheapest crazy-quilt order—and she looked like a wild poppy with the sun shining on it. But I don't remember that she did any acting in it.

I saw her once when her orbit brought her into perihelion with Caroline Hill—then everybody had a chance to see waxworks by the side of keen, intelligent, resolute, determined, clear cut ability.

I suppose you think waxworks was melted. No. Hill was melted and disappeared.

If Coghlan and Hill were both in the same show-window, and I had to buy either one for decorative purposes, I'd buy Coghlan.

If they were both in the ante-room looking

At the Theatres.

STAR THEATRE—THE HUMMING BIRD.

Mr. Joseph Brass.....Nate Salisbury
Mr. Augustus Honeymoon.....John Rackett
Mr. Robert Rackett.....F. B. Blair
Jerry McLean.....Nellie McHenry
Sally Styles.....Leonora Bradley
Mrs. Fanny Honeymoon.....Marie Bockel
Mrs. Matilda Fulllove.....

The Humming-Bird is taken from an old German farce that has furnished material to several adapters on several occasions. Sydney Rosenfeld in 1875 drew inspiration from it for a one-act comedieta called Off the Stage. Another enterprising appropriator used it for a piece which he called Personals. Both are published and can be bought for fifteen cents. Messrs. Fred. Williams and George Stout, who have warmed the dish over again, under the title of The Humming Bird, appear to be oblivious of these facts; for they announce the concoction as their "new and original farcical comedy." This is an ostrich-like case of attempted concealment.

The Humming Bird is in three acts. It is a series of light but perplexing complications put together after the well-known Teutonic fashion. To say that the various misadventures of the six principal characters are tiresome is putting it mildly. The large and friendly audience at the Star on Monday night was inexpressibly bored. The piece hinges upon two advertisements in the *Herald*, which lead to innumerable mistakes that embroil Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon, Mrs. Fulllove and Mr. Rackett in all sorts of unpleasant misunderstandings, through most of which figures Joseph Brass, a broken down barnstorming manager. The farce is slightly improper, but not at all immoral. In fact, it has a distinct moral, which is: Think twice before you advertise in the *Herald* personal column.

Salisbury's Troubadours are a delightful little company of comedians. The first of the bands that purvey nonsense pure and simple, they have all along manifested their superiority to the ordinary run and are pleasantly remembered for their clever fooling in The Brook and Green-Room Fan. But The Humming Bird furnishes them with raw material and does not set off to advantage the special talents of their chief performers.

Mr. Salisbury gives a broadly humorous creation of Brass. His make-up is a study and his manner embodies the vulgar eccentricities supposed to be peculiar to the snap-manager. His topical song, "As Long as the World Goes Round," scored a distinct hit, as much for the clever manner of its delivery as for its intrinsic humor and pertinency. The scores were so numerous that the spectator wearied of counting them.

Nellie McHenry as Sally Styles was not in her best form. If that expression may be used in connection with a lady that must tip the scales at one hundred and seventy five pounds, Miss McHenry appears to have grown kitchy as well as elephantine. Her vivacity totally lacks spontaneity, and her gaiety is like a January strawberry—it's forced. There is nothing more captivating than a natural simulation of exuberant spirits on the stage in its proper place; but, on the other hand, there is nothing that rouses the sensibilities of an acute observer more disagreeably than a palpable effort to be frolicsome. Miss McHenry dances and sings as amusingly as ever. We are glad to be able to say that much in her behalf.

Leonora Bradley was very graceful and charmingly intelligent as Mrs. Honeymoon. Her dress was decidedly rich and becoming. Marie Bockel played Mrs. Fulllove prettily, and sang a good song, and for an encore a ditty descriptive of the lover's language of natural history, with some clever imitations annexed. Mr. Webster was buoyant and debonair as Rackett, but the auricles of Alfred Ayres would have been tortured by his frequent and stupid pronouncements. The minor parts were in good hands. The Troubadours will remain at the Star three weeks, at the end of which they will be succeeded by a McCaull Opera company.

It is a musty old proverb which calls comparisons odious, but sometimes comparisons are forced upon us. The appearance of Masks and Faces on the Union Square bill just when the piece is in the full tide of success at the Lyceum had much the air of a challenge. The Hellenic trophies seem to have broken the rest of the other general, and it looks as if Miss Coghlan had said within herself: "You are clever folk up there at the Lyceum; but let us see whether we cannot meet you on your own ground, and at this game of Peg perhaps we can Peg the harder."

If Rose really meant thus to flaunt the chip of emulation on the shoulder of dramatic achievement, Helen may knock it off without a tremor. The Lyceum performance, be it stated gently and concisely but firmly, is out and away the better. It was matter of comment in these columns last week that Helen Dauvray played Woffington a trifle too much from the pure intelligence, too little from the temperament and the heart. But it was also indicated, or should have been, that this point of view once accepted, she played it thoroughly and well. She was admirably bright, clever, bustling, energetic and keen, and even her emotional scenes showed deficiency only to that close scrutiny which looks below the surface of methods to deeper underlying feelings. In none of these regards does Miss Coghlan's Woffington offer any formidable rivalry. She is indeed a very gorgeous and imposing flower—a jay to the eye and the taste. She looks the part thoroughly, and fills it with a certain large and florid atmosphere of physical health and good humor which greatly aids the picture. But of Helen's cleverness and thoroughly developed method she shows little trace. She plays the part in a rather heavy and conventional way, without any indication of having thought it out or felt it out for herself, and with something of the lazy coolness of a performer going through an uncongenial task. Her jay was lively, however, and altogether her best work was done in the final scene of the last act.

Mrs. Vane found an acceptable but hardly very interesting representative in Mrs. Charles Walcott. The interpretation of the other roles was mediocre. In the one cardinal point of comparison with the Lyceum bill, the part of Triplett, the representative of Monday evening

fell far behind its rival. Mr. McDonald sees in Triplett but one feature—starvation. He is sufficiently pinched and subdued for the wards of a charity hospital, but of Triplett's dainty self assertion and conceit, of his professional pride, his pathetic humor and innate good-breeding, he has slight notion, if any. His picture, therefore, was in a gray monotone, without any of that delightful light and shade, that sly mischief and quaint sparkle which make John Howson's interpretation a veritable creation. It should be said, however, that Mr. McDonald was apparently suffering from a sore throat which would have taken the vivacity out of a Corliss engine.

One word of hearty praise is due the stage manager or the property-man in the important matter of the portrait, which was admirably judged. It is rare, in any play, to see a cut so judiciously done, and Miss Coghlan's handsome features blended so naturally, artistically with the painted rest of her as to reach the point of illusion, an effect heightened by a neat application of tinted-light from the gallery. It was literally and figuratively a most speaking likeness. The children were very good, and Master Tommy Russell, the prettiest little *enfant de la balie* now on the boards, is clearly an artist in embryo.

On Monday the well-known Planter's Wife was performed at the Windsor before a large house. It is very difficult to be just in criticizing the acting in a play of a strained, unnatural character with sensational situations. It is unreasonable to expect natural acting in situations which could not arise anywhere outside a so-called "comedy-drama," and hence the tendency betrayed by all but one of the Planter's Wife company to verge into melodramatic clap-trap must be looked upon with a lenient eye, especially as it seems mighty to suit a down-town audience. Harry Lacy filled the role of Colonel Graham in an even but somewhat colorless manner. In the first place, he lacks military appearance and bearing which is an essential ingredient of such a part. In the next place he fell very much into the dramatic sin of indistinct articulation. Although he made some good points—such as his excitement on discovering the loss of the papers in the third act—it was not easy to see any reason except that he "runs the show" for the extra quantity of printer's ink accorded to his name in the bills. This modern practice of "starring" in every play-bill printed would point to the conclusion that the stage was a perfect milky way of talent, whereas, alas! there are scarcely real stars enough to make up the constellation of Pleiades. Harry Lacy is for all that entitled to the credit due an honest endeavor to rise above mediocrity. J. W. Summers' Simeon Simco was perhaps the best piece of acting of the male characters. Indeed Mr. Summers would have been efficient all through the play if he had not marred a good performance by the very much overdone crotch of every now and then attempting to mimic Irving. Arthur Blake was acted by Mason Mitchell in a sufficiently neutral manner, with a miserable enunciation of the words. The heavy villain of the piece, Harry Livingstone, a thankless part in itself, fell to the share of J. J. Macready, who discharged it with some ability.

The heroine of the play Edith Grey, the planter's wife, was played by handsome Edna Carey after the melodramatic method, with plenty of hysterical emotion, sentimental high flying and the fainting throw in. The audience as a body were delighted, especially with the most highly-colored points of Miss Carey's performance. Kate Hawthorne's Angie Gordon, the naive young native Southern girl, "rising sixteen," who does not see any harm in proposing marriage herself, was admirably and amusingly performed with a piquante *naïveté* and witty vivacity which could scarcely be surpassed in its way, and gave the touch of comedy which relieved the piece from dullness. The hearty laughter of the audience was the natural response to clever "business." Next week, Alone in London.

Mme. Janauschek opened in Bleak House at the Grand Opera House on Monday night before a large audience. The star was warmly welcomed, and received curtain calls at the close of each act. Her superb impersonation of the dual role of Lady Dedlock and Hortense is familiar, and it is no detractor to the range of the great artist's versatility to add that her characterization of the French waiting-maid is the ideal of Dickens' portrait. Mme. Janauschek was strongly supported. Beverly W. Turner, as Sir Leicester Dedlock, did justice to the gallant and courtly baronet. James Carden gave a finished impersonation of Tulkinghorn. Giles Shine invested the part of William Guppy with genuine humor and scored a pronounced success. Alexander H. Stuart was effective as Inspector Bucket of Scotland Yard. George D. Chaplin was pompous and portly as Powers, the butler. Josephine C. Bailey, as Esther Summerson, was sweet and demure, and the diminutive appellation of "Dame Durdin" bestowed by Uncle Jarvis on his ward, in the book, seemed fitting to Miss Bailey as she quietly glided about in a gray cloak and gown. Marston Leigh was pleasing as Mrs. Rouncewell. Lavinia Shannon gave a faithful interpretation of Poor Joe, the wail and street-sweeper, one of the photographs by the great author of the depths of wretchedness in the East side of London. Next week, revival of the Lights of London.

In spite of wretched weather, J. K. Emmet opened at the People's Theatre on Monday night to a jammed house. Mr. Emmet presented his refurbished Fritz, Our Cousin German, which is interspersed with new songs and new business. The star was in the best of spirits and delighted the East-siders with his fun-making and pathos. His songs were so repeatedly encored that he was compelled to ask the audience to desist. The supporting company was sufficient to the purpose. Frank H. Dayton is worthy of mention in the comic part of Lawyer Grimm. Helen Sedgwick had the only prominent female role, Katrina, and she played it auffy. The three little tots used by Fritz in his frolics were very cunning in all they did. Our Cousin German has entered upon a big week. Next week the Mestayers

and their jolly crowd of comedians in We, Us & Co.

Sir Charles Young's brilliant production reached its centenary at the Madison Square on Monday night, as might have been predicted. Being, as it is, the best new piece produced here for some years, it must needs have a long run, and no one can safely foretell what figure Mr. Palmer may yet have to prefix to his two ciphers. The occasion was duly celebrated with floral decorations and ornate programmes, but was, in one regard—the indisposition of Agnes Booth—a sad one. It is at once trying yet touching and interesting to see the splendid courage and energy with which this excellent artist struggles against the debilitating effect of painful illness, and to observe with what skill and discretion she sacrifices minor details and subordinate effects, during the earlier scenes, for the fine outburst of passion and pathos in the latter part of the second and the opening of the third acts.

In other regards the representation went with all its accustomed smoothness, though it may not be altogether matter of imagination to fancy that it showed here and there slight traces of that perfunctory quality so apt to accompany too prolonged performance. Le-moyne's Hartfield is now, as always, a very remarkable and powerful bit of character work. It is to be regretted that he has not managed to indicate the blended vulgarity and villainy of his role with rather more dainty touches, both in manner and make-up. Such a refinement of method would add probability to the structure and bring the role more into harmony with the accurate realism of the whole piece. As it is, Baron Hartfield in any refined and well regulated family, instead of being installed in the town chamber, would be relegated, at best, to the cellar.

For an evening of pure fun and varied entertainment commend us to Tony Pastor's Theatre. This establishment is growing more and more in the favor of our best families. All classes find pleasure in the good fare that Mr. Pastor and his assistants nightly afford. This week the list of specialists is long and attractive, including the Four Tourists, Mile Nelson, with her clever dogs and pigeons; Willie and Millie Eddy, active acrobats; Lizzie Daly, the dancer; George Murphy, the laughable Dutch comedian, and others.

The tobogganing at Tuxedo and The Taming of the Shrew furnish subjects for uproarious burlesque this week at Dockstader's. The vocal selections comprise some of Stephen Foster's sweetest ballads. Variety and novelty are the mottoes of this management. Minstrelsy never flourished amid more genial and elegant surroundings than it does at this popular establishment.

The Marble Heart remains the bill during this last week of Mr. Mantell's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. On Monday Eben Plympton will appear at this house in Jack, the piece he produced at Wallack's some weeks ago, and in which he has been touring the country.

Harbor Lights is drawing large audiences at Wallack's, despite the slating the play has received in certain critical quarters. While we still think that the melodrama is of the cheapest and tawdriest sort, we are free to admit its emphatic popularity with the public.

Last night the one-hundredth Wild West performance at Madison Square Garden was celebrated, the visitors being souvenired. The show has only two weeks more to run here, as at the close of that period preparations will be hastened for the trip to England.

Miss Dauvray finds Peg Woffington a drawing card. The Lyceum has been filled with the largest and most fashionable audiences known in the career of the Lyceum. Nothing else is on the tapis, and nothing, in all probability, will be needed for some time to come, as the present business is likely to continue.

The Old Homestead, with its pure fun and natural exposition of simple character, is meeting with the pronounced public favor that so delightful a performance deserves. Mr. Thompson in this piece has a property whose value is greater and will likely last longer than Uncle Josh, its predecessor.

McNooney's Visit is packing the Park. The piece has been cut and trimmed, and now the funny incidents are brought together so completely that the piece is followed by an almost continuous roar of laughter. It will go to the finish of Mr. Harrigan's season.

The Musical Mirror.

Wagner's opera, *Rienzi*, composed while yet the great iconoclast had not thrown off all allegiance to the received modes of musical art, was given last week at the Metropolitan for the first time this season, Herr Schott singing the part of *Rienzi*. The house was well filled and contained a large number of admirers of the heroic tenor, and his appearance was the signal for a burst of applause.

The part of Irene, sung by Fraulein Lehmann, is far too insignificant for such a great artist, but she filled it carefully and looked radiant and queenly.

The performance of Herr Fischer and Herr Robinson reminded us more of the heavy villains of melodrama than of Roman nobles. These parts have little in them to encourage the performers, but nevertheless what a man does he should do as well as he can. There are all the honors lie.

Fraulein Brandt never neglects nor trifles with her parts, and her interpretation of Adriana was admirable. Her singing especially was magnificent, and amply deserved all the applause it received and more. Brandt is truly a great artist.

The chorus of "Peace Messengers" is a

charmingly conceived and beautifully written number, and but for the faulty singing of the soprano voices, would have created a profound impression.

It was interesting to note the hearty appreciation and thorough enjoyment by the audience of the duet between Lehmann and Brandt, and also the concerted numbers—written in the Italian manner—which clearly marked the love of that melodious school that is still retained in the hearts of our musical public, however Wagner's latest works may have tended to destroy it. Melody is still the soul and harmony, the body of music.

We are unwilling to seem too severe on Herr Schott's performance of *Rienzi*, but truth compels us to record that he sang positively out of tune during the whole performance. Even after getting the correct pitch from the band he did not retain it for one poor bar, but would sharpen to such an extent that it was excruciating to hear him. How a singer can exhibit the self-satisfaction that illuminated his face while all the while singing out of tune, we cannot understand. In other respects he looked and acted the part well and rode the "white horse to Banbury Cross" in good style.

This same charger was the very best stage horse we have ever seen, making his entrances and exits with dash, and evidently entering into the spirit of his part. He was warmly applauded. The ballet was beautifully picturesque and the whole effect of the opera was grand and impressive.

The phenomenal run of *Erminie* continues at the Casino. Full houses and lavish applause are all that can be said of the performance. Night after night the people come and go away delighted. Pauline Hall draws crowds by her clever acting, her bright singing and her good looks, and she is not alone in her glory, for Marie Jansen runs a close second and has her own train of followers, while Belle Urquhart makes up the trio in excellent style. Harry Hallam sings his pretty song very sweetly and with good taste, and the two robbers, by Francis Wilson and Mark Smith, carry the piece triumphantly. The band and chorus, under the able leading of Jesse Williams, are, as usual, beyond caviar. We are glad to see the run of the piece for the management's sake. Sorry for our own, for truly we find it hard to write about it, without that bane of criticism, dull repetition.

The exquisite singing of the Scotch ballads by the quartette of tuncful singers has made a great hit at Dockstader's Minstrels. Such singers are not often heard, and we imagine never before, in minstrelsy. McWade has a noble baritone, which he uses well, and the other voices—Reiger, Job and Nobles—are no whit behind in harmony.

Maria Salvotti, the well-known prima donna, will give a concert on Friday, the 18th, assisted by a host of talent.

William Sherwood's concert at Chickering Hall showed him in a favorable light as an executive pianist, but we hold that his playing of Chopin, though mechanically perfect, lacked that inner sense of the composer's ideas, so necessary in the delicate music of that master, who is nothing if not subtle. The Chevalier de Salas played the violin with wonderful execution, but here and there his intonation was defective. However, the audience did not think so, but applauded to the echo.

The house-warming of the new Musical Exchange was a great success. All was harmony—even though the participants were musicians. President Lauder, Vice President Jesse Williams and others made speeches germane to the matter, and the solid comforts were well attended to. The object of the Exchange is to provide a place of meeting and the transaction of business apart from beer, and under club rules. We could well wish that actors would follow the musicians' lead and establish a home also. Jesse Williams said in his speech that the Exchange proposed to furnish all kinds of music, from a grand symphony to a hand organ and a monkey, whereupon the chairman of the Committee on Law and Order objected, saying that he endorsed all Mr. Williams' ideas but one, but that he would draw the line at the monkey and the hand-organ.

At the Bijou Nat Goodwin scores heavily as Prince Lorenzo in *The Mascotte*. It is the performance of a comedian, not a clown, and though highly colored is never offensive. Little Grubb looks lovely and sings admirably as Bettina. Charles Bishop is the very model of Rocco, the old farmer. Loie Fuller looks very pretty as Fiametta, and the whole production is thoroughly well put upon the stage. The band and chorus under Gus Kerker are all that can be wished for. Altogether it is a capital rendering of a most risky French operetta, and dangers of Gallican humor are cleverly avoided by funny localisms and queer gags.

In the Courts.

MRS. FINEGAN'S TITLE PERFECT.

The claim of Annie Deland Finegan to the Duke's Motto on the ground that it was left her, with other property, under the will of John Brougham, the author-actor, who died in June, 1880, has been sustained by Judge Donohue in the Supreme Court, Special Term. The play was adapted from the French by Brougham, and was produced with considerable success. Thomas Morris obtained possession of it, and said that it had been assigned to him by John Brougham when the latter was still living. Morris and John Stetson made use of the play. Then Mrs. Finegan brought a suit to restrain them from giving the play and assuming to claim ownership to it on account simply of their having a man uscript copy; also from collecting royalties from its use, or in any way interfering with her exclusive title to it. Mr. Morris, on the trial of the case, said that the assignment of the play to him had been given into the custody of a lawyer who could not now find it. Judge Donohue held, from the testimony given, that Mrs. Finegan's title was perfect, and that Morris and Stetson should be restrained from producing the play until the

assignment should be found and produced in court.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE. Broadway near 30th St. Milas & Barton, Lessees and Managers.

First time in New York of Mr.

N. C. GOODWIN,

in his great creation, Prince Lorenzo, in

THE MASCOTTE.

Supported by a cast of unusual excellence. Every evening at 8, and Saturday matinee at 2.

STAR THEATRE.

Broadway and 13th street.

Overwhelming Reception!

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS

in their new comedy,

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Every night and Saturday matinee.

Crowded houses attest the success. New York press unanimous in unstinted praise.

CASINO. Broadway and 30th Street, Mr. Rudolph Aronson, Manager.

Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

50 Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents.

Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$8, \$10, \$12.

The greatest Comic Opera success ever produced in America.

ERMINIE.

Chorus of 40. Mr. Jesse Williams, Musical Director.

Seats secured two weeks in advance.

14 TH STREET THEATRE. Corner 6th Ave. Mr. J. W. Rosenquest, Sole Manager.

Every Evening and Saturday Matinee.

STANDING-ROOM ONLY.

Seats secured three weeks in advance.

A MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION.

"Its success was immediate and unqualified."—*Sun*, Jan. 11.

DENNAN THOMPSON.

In a successful continuation of *Joshua Whitcomb*, THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

"One of the few substantial theatrical triumphs witnessed in New York in recent years."—*Times*, Jan. 11.

"Such gorgeousness in the way of scenery and stage-setting has seldom been seen in New York outside of Mr. Daly's Theatre."—*Journal*, Jan. 11.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. John Stetson.

Every Evening at 8:15. Matinee Saturday at 2.

Monday, Jan. 31, for two weeks,

ROBERT B. MANTELL,

As RAPHAEL, THE SCULPTOR in the grand

manic drama,

THE MARBLE HEART.

Feb. 14—JACK, for one week only. Mr. Eben Plympton and Company.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

Bowery near Canal Street.

Frank B. Murtha, Sole Proprietor.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

One week commencing Feb. 7.

THE HARRY LACY COMPANY

Will present the strongest of all American plays,

THE PLANTER'S WIFE.

DOCKSTADER'S, Broadway, bet. 8th and 9th Sts.

DOCKSTADER'S

MINSTRELS.

A Fresh Programme Nightly,

at 8:30.

TOBOGGANING AT TUXEDO.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

WILLIE BUFFALO'S WILDEST WEST.

Stephen Foster's Famous Ballads.

Everybody gets a seat—50c., 75c., \$1.

Special Ladies and Children's Matinee on Saturday.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. T. H. French.

Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.

Every Evening and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

JANAUSCHEK.

Thursday night and Saturday matinee, Bleak House.

Friday evening, Mary Stuart; Saturday night, Macbeth.

Next week LIGHTS OF LONDON.

Next Sunday evening—Prof. CROMWELL.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Under the management of J. M. HILL.

SECOND WEEK OF ROSE COGHAN.

Monday, Tuesday Wednesday—only three performances.

PEG WOFFINGTON (Masks and Faces).

Thursday, Friday and Saturday and Saturday Matinee.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Miss Coghlan as Rosalind.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

Edward Harrigan, Proprietor.

M. W. Hanley, Sole Manager.

Edward Harrigan's new play,

McNOONEY'S VISIT.

EDWARD HARRIGAN as MARTIN McNOONEY,

assisted by his excellent company of local favorites.

Mr. Dave Braham and his popular Orchestra.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, Sole Manager.

Evenings at 8:30, Saturday Matinee at 2.

Sir Charles Young's remarkable play in four acts, entitled

JIM THE PENMAN.

Places secured one month in advance.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 30th St. Mr. Lester Wallack, Sole Proprietor and Manager.

Elaborate production and triumphant success,

HARBOR LIGHTS.

HARBOR LIGHTS.

Presented by a great cast, and magnificent scenery.

Every Evening at 8, and Saturday Matinee at 2.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 14th Street. Matinees Tuesday and Friday.

Good Reserved Seats 25c. Six days in advance.

SPLENDID NEW SHOW THIS WEEK.

Grand Company. New Specialties.

THE 4 TOURISTS.

TONY PASTOR.

RUDOLPH'S AMBITION.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Avenue and 2nd Street. Daniel Frohman, Manager.

HELEN DAUVRAY and her COMEDY COMPANY.

Under the management of W. R. HAYDEN.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

Os, MASKS AND FACES.

An elaborate revival of Tom Taylor and Charles Reade's famous play.

The Giddy Gusher.



Isn't it about time that the railroads were obliged to abandon the murderous stoves and use steam heat? Every accident we have had of late has been made more fatal by fire. There is nothing to prove that anyone was really killed by the tumble off the bridge at White River, Vt., but every proof that the poor, pinioned wretches, after their injuries, were roasted to death alive. Do we stop to realize the horrors of that midnight catastrophe? It is a terrible thing to waken and know by the hideous jolting and grating that the car rushing madly along is off the track.

The miserable sinners had scarce time to realize the danger impending when over and over they felt themselves hurled through the air. Then came the crash and its consequent injuries. The sleeping cars had struck top first, and the heavy trucks and iron wheels were dashed down upon them. Still, the worst seemed over, and even with broken limbs they broke out from one portion of the debris to be met by another, to frantically struggle almost to the sweet, cold air and safety, when a torch-like flame lit up their trap, and the awful certainty of the most terrible death known broke on their tortured senses. I have heard a red-hot hardshell Baptist Bible-banger describe the torments of an hour in Hades. They were enough to curdle one's blood, but they sink into insignificance before the dread reality of that terrible night. No agony of mind, no bodily suffering was spared those poor, unhappy people; but the greatest ordeal of all, the most excruciating pain, the greatest mental despair and the pangs of death might have been averted if those cars had been heated by steam instead of stoves.

I was talking to an old woman some years ago, in the depot at Framingham, Mass. She was white-haired, and wrinkled of visage, and her eyes were deep set in her head, like a very aged person. In some way allusion was made to the War, and she said: "I was a very young girl when they fired on Fort Sumter—a mere child." I suppose she read in my face what I thought of that assertion, for she continued: "You think me old enough to have been very well grown at that time, don't you?" I candidly replied that I did. "I'm under forty," said she. "Good gracious! I thought you were over sixty," said I. "What did it?" I knew there was something worth hearing behind that premature load of age.

"Did you ever hear of the Pemberton Mills at Lawrence?" she asked. I knew in a flash all that sentence implied, and she went on and told me that the day the Pemberton Mills fell she was one of the youngest girls employed there; that when, with a vast shudder and great, creaking cries and rending noises, that big building fell, she went down, down from the top story to the ground, amid stifling dust and flying timbers. Bruised, deafened, blinded, and nearly crazed, she slowly realized she was still alive. She tried to cry out, but, like one in a nightmare, not a sound came from her half-paralyzed jaws. But by-and-by she made faint moans that were heard by the exploring parties, and through the chinks of the timbers that imprisoned her came words of hope and promises of help. A bottle of wine was lowered to her and her heart began to rise. The hours of daylight wore away; an army of men worked like machinery, digging away mortar and lifting away timbers.

She looked at the fearful interlacing beams that rested one upon the other far up over her head, and trembled as they rocked either with people climbing over them or the withdrawal of some of the top pieces. What if some unwise movement of her rescuers should send the whole awful mass upon her fragile form! It was then the work of time set in and the hand of age laid heavy upon her soul. She lived, years in a few minutes. And now close darkness settled down. It was black as Erebus in her prison house. But the food and wine supported her fainting heart, and she heard the hoarse shouts of the rescuing party outside with greater pleasure since she could not see the great impending beams and pieces of machinery that toppled above her.

All at once there rose a fearful cry—a mighty cry of horror—and she heard voices above her saying, "He has dropped a lantern into the ruins and it has set them on fire!" A moment more and she could hear the roar and crackle of the flames, and as they lighted the sky it reflected in lurid redness down into her den. She said that for a moment she endured more terror of mind than all she had suffered before. The shock had been so sud-

den that the first part of the accident had fallen upon benumbed faculties, but now that hope and faith in man's help had taken possession of her, she was calmer and realized fully the awful nature of the fate impending. How she wished she had been dashed to pieces hours before—how she gazed at the cruel timbers red with the light of the fire blazing at the farther end of the fallen building, and prayed that one more kindly than the rest might crush all sense out of her bruised form before the ghastly flames should slowly roast her in her living tomb!

And here she said she became possessed of the superhuman strength of despair. She writhed and twisted under the immense beam that seemed to shut out wider freedom on the other side; she dug into the earth beneath and fairly burrowed her way through. A throng who had watched her at intervals throughout the afternoon again hovered about her and urged her to climb upon some twisted pipes to a place nearer their voices.

Then some venturesome soul was lowered, and with a saw and a vigorous arm, with the flames leaping madly toward him, not fifty feet away, but fortunately beaten back by an adverse wind, he made an opening. Half-a-dozen ropes were dangling to her through the little aperture thus made; the woman said she believed she put the first one she touched around her neck; but, luckily, one she tied about her waist. A hundred hands laid hold of it, and, battered, bleeding and stunned from the concussion of many prominent beams, out she came. Five minutes after her rescue the fire was raging like a furnace in the little space where she had laid and suffered for ten long, dreadful hours. This woman was a nervous, weak make. She went to bed, and re-lived the horrors of that accident every day for months, and when she got round her seventeenth year lay behind as it does in middle age. She was old while yet young. She didn't turn white in a single night, as I have heard so many say; but threads of gray were in her dark locks when she first combed them after the Pemberton Mills fell and before the spot was rebuilt. She was white—prematurely wrinkled and aged, her nervous system completely unstrung—an old woman at twenty, and an old, old woman at thirty-seven, when I talked with her.

No, sir; I do not travelling in cold weather till steam is used. If they can't get up enough to heat trains from the engine, build out a little annex with its own boilers and furnace; stop off for coal, and stop altogether this broiling passengers in railway cars. It's sickening. But, then, some women are afraid of boilers. I heard of one who asked the captain of a boat if they did that horrid, dangerous boiling of water on board. "Oh, no, ma'am," answered the polite captain; "we boil it on shore in mammoth tea kettles." And the old lady climbed the gang-plank in sweet security.

If it had pleased Heaven to make me a female instead of a shemah, I should certainly have become at some time of my life a popular clergyman. Besides having a pudding, more pie falls into clerical existence than any other. I have taken a run into a small hamlet (no reference to Lawrence Barrett) this last week, and found the whole parish convulsed about the advent of a new parson. Something had happened to the old party; he had been convicted of heresy or larceny—I forget which; but, at all events, he had been suspended, and I have had a vision of a properly-hung clergyman before my eyes ever since. Anyway, the new man preached his first sermon last Sunday, and the old one praught his a week ago.

The family I visited evidently thought less of me when they heard I had never heard of Erastus Parsons. I'd heard of a good many parsons, but not Erastus. And, oh, girls! You ought to have seen "Rastus. How Nat Goodwin could make up for him! I was carted to church by two excited females. They had been decorating from eight till ten, and we were dressed to death when we paddled down the aisle to front seats. I don't remember the denomination of the edifice, but of course it must have been Episcopalian, because "Rastus" wore a surplice. When he first emerged from the vestry I struggled not to scream. The Private Secretary of A. M. Palmer was nowhere. I expected to hear him break out with, "Do—y—o—u—know?" He fell over his robe as he stumbled into the pulpit, and his voice trembled and his little purple fingers twitched. Never since I talked with P. P. Moseley, clerk at the ribbon counter at Macy's, have I heard so much Maria in the tones of a male voice.

"You will be kind enough to find my text in Proverbs xxix, 22: 'The angry man stirreth.' Whether it was the fire or a hot whiskey he stirred we never knew till we consulted the Bible, because 'Rastus' dilated on the article 'an'; was reminded that it was used often as a Christian name for women; was led then to consider the female sex, and beginning with the child he prattled prettily but feebly about the delights of infancy; got along with his diagnosis of woman till his example was sweet sixteen; that brought him into a 'rosebud garden of girls,' and no amount of theology could get him off the girls till the sermon-hour was up, when he perorated mellifluously about his mission on earth, which was to train sweet girl-graduates in the duties of domestic life.

I suppose "Angry Man" will be the subject of next week's discussion. He takes his texts in sections, as a class in grammar take a sentence—one word at a time. Mr. Parsons dined with my friends, and I believe I will dramatize him for Nat Goodwin. One of the girls had built a sloppy, inoffensive cake called "angel food." His attention was called to this production before the soup, and he declined stouter food and killed himself up on angel-food and floating-island.

In every family I entered something was being made for that sweet-scented Parson Parsons. If he had the feet of a centipede or the arms of Briarous he could wear the slippers and silk mittens in process of construction. He told me that the faintest odor of musk wafted his soul to higher planes than those of earth. So I emptied a bottle of camphor on the piano cover and uncorked a bottle of benzine under the sofa, and left "Rastus" and the girls to enjoy sweet smells and one another's society.

But without doubt that young man will find

life all angel-food and embroidered night-gowns. He has awakened in me a desire to become a parson myself, and, for the matter of that, if I could get a "call," you'd find a much better specimen of the popular minister in your GIDDY GUSHER.

Irving Bishop's Mind-Reading.

Around at Steinway Hall on Monday night Washington Irving Bishop amused a large crowd with a very puzzling exhibition of his powers of mind-reading. Bishop is a nervous, gabby little fellow of about thirty, with a full sandy beard that may be either cropped or of stunted growth. He was in full evening dress, and about his neck wore something in diamonds that had been presented to him by a high and mighty something in Europe. After the mind-reader had made some remarks about himself and levelled scorn and sarcasm at the press, he invited the audience to name a committee of investigation. Fourteen gentlemen ascended the platform in response to their names. A very respectable committee they made, representing science, law, medicine, music and journalism. But they were doomed to have their dignity somewhat disturbed. When the committee were seated Mr. Bishop made a few more remarks not altogether disconnected with the press, and caustically referred to his friend the enemy, Mr. Henry Labouchere, for whom he placed a vacant chair beside a piano that was at intervals very badly played by a young man. The speaker punctuated his remarks with a gleaming knife that he held in his hands. But for a craving desire to pose as a martyr to public opinion the mind-reader's performances would have been more enjoyable. He also gave forth too much flap-wing talk about his native land and vindication in the eyes of his countrymen.

It is not the purpose to try to probe the secret of Mr. Bishop's "tricks," but simply to chronicle what took place. Mr. Bishop selected his first victim in the person of a tall, dark, bearded gentleman of the legal profession. He placed in his hands the gleaming knife, and told him to make a mock assassination of somebody in the audience and then hide the weapon. In the meantime a committee of two had led the mind-reader into an inner room. Before every experiment he was thus closeted. After the deed Mr. Bishop was led forth and blindfolded. He seized the assassin's hand and went through a little powwow, and then dragged him from the platform and among the audience. After a five-minute search he announced the failure of his first experiment, and peremptorily accused the assassin of having spoken to somebody against his injunction. The assassin confessed his guilt, and the Mind called a medical gentleman of the committee to his assistance. But the failure would not do, and then the doctor acknowledged that he did not know exactly where the dagger was hidden. The two returned to the platform, the assassin appearing a little sheepish and annoyed. The doctor was substituted as assassin and was dragged and palled about, to the ruffling of his composure, and looked pleased when the hidden weapon and the mock murdered were found. The mind-detective was applauded as he quickly whipped the handkerchief from his eyes. Experiment number two consisted of placing the name of a person in the audience in an envelope and sealing it. At first the little man failed to scent his game. He called a journalist to his aid and succeeded. Still blindfolded, he rushed to a blackboard and, amid applause, wrote the name of the person. The ferret here said that he thought his normal pulse was about 75. A medical committeeman examined it and found it to be beating at 148.

A professor was sent into the audience to pick three different pockets. The stolen articles were tied in a handkerchief and hidden. The magnetic detective rushed the Professor through the aisles in an undignified jog-trot, and, after groping about for awhile, unearthed the bundle and restored the articles to the owners.

Mr. Bishop seated himself at the piano, and a well-known musical composer touched his hand and concentrated his thoughts on a familiar song. The man of magnetism fumbled among the keys for a while, and then played "Home, Sweet Home." He played it so badly that his listener moved away from the instrument; but it was the song he was thinking of. The composer wrote the name of a young lady and enclosed it in an envelope. The mind-reader led the composer directly to the seat occupied by the young lady, and then paused, apparently nonplussed. Rushing back to the platform, he seized a large bouquet. Passing quickly down the aisle, he presented the flowers to the blushing damsel amid a storm of applause.

Guessing the bank-note number—the last test—was prefaced by another attack upon Mr. Labouchere, and the speaker let the audience know that the editor of *Truth* had accused him of being a Mason, and that he was proud of the accusation. This—one of many exhibitions of effrontery and bad taste—was received in silence. Six committeemen had charge of the bank-note. A hand was placed upon Mr. Bishop's head; another grasped his left hand. Blindfolded, he proceeded to chalk and rub out figures upon the blackboard. At last the correct figures stood revealed—52408.

Orthoepy.

A part only of the last article I prepared for THE MIRROR, owing to lack of space, was printed. Here is the rest of it:

Mr. Downing's weak point in his personation of Spartacus is in his reading. He misplaces the emphasis continually, which results in his expending a large share of his strength where he gets no return for it. It is possible for him with less physical exertion to be much more effective in the part.

Conjuncture. The first syllable of the word is pronounced *kun*, and not *kon*, as Miss Willott pronounces it.

Lunatic. Mr. Aveling's long *u*'s are sometimes long *oo*.

Casualty. This is not a word of five syllables, as Mr. Goodwin seems to think it. It is a word of four syllables and is pronounced *kazh u-al-tv*—accent on the first syllable.

Reversion. Mr. Herbert Ayling slightly mars his admirable personation of Trip by making the *s* of this word soft—*i. e.*, by pronouncing it like *z*.

Parisian. Miss Douglas, in common with many others, seems to prefer the pronunciation of this word that makes it a word of four syllables. She is at fault, however, in her utterance of the second syllable, which is not *ris*,

but *riah*. For my own part, I do not attempt to make four syllables of it, but pronounce it simply *pa ris* *yan*.

Cordial. Mr. Sothorn prefers to make three syllables of this word. I much prefer *hord val*, which is preferred by Worcester and several other orthoepists.

Ruffian. This word is properly pronounced in two syllables, *ruf-yan*.

Oblivion. Mr. Sothorn very improperly makes the first *o* of this word long.

Vase. Miss Dauvray has ample authority for sounding the *v* of this word like *z*, yet there is more authority for giving it its hissing sound. If we sound it like *z*, we have two *z*-sounds in the plural, which is not melodious.

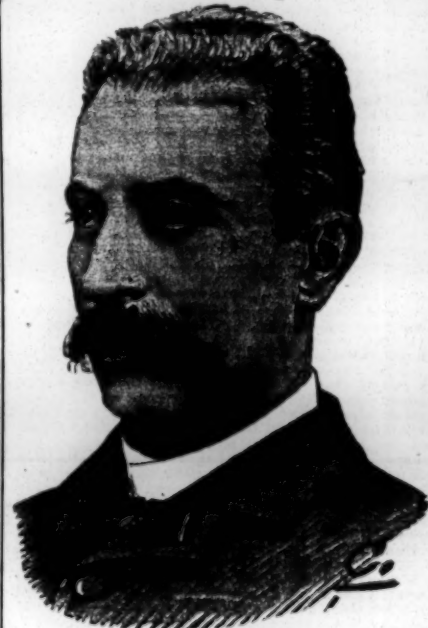
Office. In some respects Miss Dauvray's pronunciation is better than good, yet it will be bettered if she will pronounce the first syllable of this word *of*, instead of *awf*.

Epoch. The weight of authority, euphony and the best current usage would have us pronounce this word *ep-ok*. The frequency with which we hear it pronounced *e-pok* is owing to the fact that it was so pronounced in the earlier editions of Webster's Dictionary.

Yet all this is less disturbing than it is to see Mr. Bellevue and Mr. Kelcey hunt places in which to lodge their hands.

ALFRED AYRES.

American Managers.



V.—AL. HAYMAN.

In New York and San Francisco the features of the successful man pictured above are well known. They indicate in some degree the reasons for his success in the fierce hurry of modern theatrical management. Shrewdness, determination, commercial acumen and enterprising activity are some of the more marked characteristics of this manager's physiognomy.

Al. Hayman is the lessee of the Baldwin and California Theatres of San Francisco. Probably no places of amusement in this country have known greater contrasts of success and failure than these. The record of their triumphs and vicissitudes would make a good-sized book, and the names of many men, prominent in and out of the profession, would appear frequently in its pages.

Mr. Hayman has had the Baldwin Theatre for the past four years. As he puts it himself, "During that time the career of the house will compare favorably with that of any theatre in the United States." The California is not a particularly profitable venture, but it suits Mr. Hayman's business purposes to maintain its control. Booth, Bernhardt and Clara Morris are among the more important attractions secured for the Baldwin this season. Indeed, the character of the amusements supplied to the people of Frisco has gradually grown better since Mr. Hayman rose to the surface as the director of theatrical destinies in that city. For some years before that event "Frisco" was held in bad repute among the best class of stars and companies. The receipts even of a good engagement did not repay the outlay of the long trip and the expensive jump it entailed.

Mr. Hayman has changed all this, and restored "Frisco" to its old lustre as a "show-town." With enterprise and capital he has induced some of the best attractions to visit the Coast, and usually they had no reason to regret the trip. Besides the big Far-western city Mr. Hayman will, when it is desirable, make engagements for his visitors on the way and in California towns.

He frequently visits New York, and generally does a good stroke of business here. Sometimes he goes into speculations, such as Miss Fortescue's tour. That he is speedily convinced of the folly of "pressing his luck," as card-players have it, where it is adverse, was shown not long ago when he dropped Osmond Tearle and the play Kenneth Lee after a few nights' trial, although arrangements had been made for a season's tour. Mr. Hayman is essentially a commercial manager. He doesn't care a fig for art for its own sweet sake. His eye is strained to procure whatever the public want and are willing to pay for.

Professional Doings.

Jean Homer emerges to play Lady Audley's Secret in Gowanda, N. Y., on Saturday night, Feb. 12.

Wemyss Henderson, manager or advance agent, is disengaged.

The Penobscot Exchange House at Bangor, Me., has just been entirely refitted. It caters to the profession in special rates and gives special attention. Mine host is W. B. Johnson.

Annie Berle is on a starring tour in Eastern Pennsylvania.

J. J. Jones, of Frank I. Frayne's company, is dangerously ill at his mother's home on Coney Island.

Professionals can find first-class rooms and board—\$7 and \$8 a week—with Mrs. Annie Denning, 27 Courtland street, Baltimore. Handy to all theatres.

Florence Gerald, late of Bound to Succeed—which didn't—has joined Marie Prescott's company as leading lady.

Lawrence Marston's Wife's Honor company disbanded in Allentown, Pa. recently. All were enabled to reach whatever destination they selected.

From Syracuse Cal Wagner writes an emphatic denial that his theatre has been boycotted because of trouble with his musicians.

A day of \$4 and \$5 a week. It is opposite the Standard, and convenient to all other theatres.

Cal Wagner writes from Syracuse an emphatic denial of the statement that a boycott had been placed upon his theatre through the efforts of union musicians, and stamps the report as being inspired by maliciousness.

Mrs. Francis Laidie is very ill at her home in Owosso, Mich. A few weeks ago she became the mother of twins.

Tiny Arnold is supporting Sheehan and Corvas as singing sobrettes.

Ed. P. Smith, for nine years with Bennett and Monticello's opera enterprises, is now doing leading comedy with Atkinson's Amphrodite company.

Fanny Mountcastle has taken to the road in the West at so-called popular prices.

Several towns in Florida and Mississippi have recently developed into one-night stands for more or less pretentious companies.

The James Owen O'Connor Tragedy company is now under the management of E. Stanhope Percy, and is doing a remunerative business, having been rescued from impending bankruptcy.

Frank Deshon, comedian with Starr's Opera company, was recently reported to be insane. The report was groundless.

Hard Hit, Henry Arthur Jones' new play, brought out at the London Haymarket on Jan. 17, has scored a success. The *Telegraph*, *Standard*, *Times*, and *Fall Mall Gazette* speak in strong terms of its merits.

Pat Rooney was sued in Cincinnati last Saturday by Percy Gault for \$300 salary.

The company playing Ranch to disband in Louisville last week.

W. Henry Rice has joined McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels to play female parts in burlesque.

Sheridan Corby writes that business with Nordack for the last two weeks has been excellent.

Maudie Banks opened at Music Hall, Norristown, Pa., on Monday night, to standing room only.

John Thompson, in *Around the World*, opened to an overflowing house at the Central Music, Fall River, Mass., on Monday night.

P. T. Turner has from time to time strengthened the cast of *Under the Gaslight* until it is now a very strong company, and there is no difficulty in getting week dates. It is booked in these stands for several weeks to come, and is always a strong drawing card.

Theodore Bendis, the composer and musical director, of Philadelphia, is at liberty. Some time ago Robinson and Crane made him a tempting offer, but owing to an accident which confined him to the house he was compelled to decline.

Warren Ashley is playing the leading role in *Aphrodite*, a farce-comedy which has had a rather full measure of success since the recent reorganization of the company. Mr. Ashley says it is the fattest part he has yet played, and that the comedy is one of the funniest of its class now before the public.

C. B. Cline telegraphs from Nashville that he has withdrawn from the business management of Jora Moore's Bunch of Keys company. E. L. Bloom takes charge for the rest of the season.

A despatch from Louisville states that Agnes Herndon divides her share of the gross receipts with the Owensboro flood sufferers.

Maria Flood is reported to have made quite a hit with Louise Pomeroy's company on the road. During the season she has played eleven different parts, and in Lady Audley's secret received the compliment of two calls with the star.

That erratic minstrel, Billy Emerson, is again in the Haverly ranks, and his salary is sufficient to give him the financial standing of a partner without the responsibility.

A new opera house is being erected at Fayetteville, Ark. This is not a very large town, but its enterprising citizens are determined to be abreast of the times.

Heleen Adell opened to the full capacity of Music Hall, Lynn, Mass., last Monday night.

Manager James E. Fennerty, of Heesch's Opera House, Cincinnati, is now offering combinations playing at his house next season four weeks additional time, the circuit including Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, Detroit and Cleveland.

John Whiteley, business manager of Katie Putnam, writes that business is good with his attraction in the far Northwest.

The new Ninth Street Theatre, Kansas City, Mo., will open March 14. Prices will range from fifteen to fifty cents, with box seats at seventy-five cents and one dollar. The stage is 67 by 30 feet. The seating capacity is 1,500. Weeks of April 4, 18, and May 18 are open.

James Owen O'Connor is in the full tide of a season in the South. His repertoire has been extended, and now includes Hamlet, Marlowe, Heart, The Belle, Richard III., Foul's Revenge, Richelieu, Mac in the Iron Mask, Narcisse and one or two others. Mrs. James Owen O'Connor, manageress, is filling the open time.

Although partners, H. R. Jacobs and F. F. Proctor are running a neck-and-neck race in the leasing of theatres. Mr. Jacobs has just secured the Paterson (N. J.) Opera House for a term of years. He takes possession on Sept. 1, and is prepared to at once negotiate with managers who want to book.

Beginning with next season David Bidwell reduces prices at his New Orleans theatre. The prices will range from fifteen cents (gallery) to one dollar for a reserved seat in the parquet. At the reduced scale the houses will accommodate as follows: Grand Opera House, \$450; Academy of Music, \$350; St. Charles Theatre, \$1,350. The scale may be changed by mutual consent.

A scheme for furnishing Cincinnati with a Summer season of light opera is being arranged, and Wilest's Garden, on the North side, will in all probability be secured by the projectors. A company, such as the Wilbur, presenting two operas weekly, at popular prices, will be the attraction.

E. O. Jepson recently in Providence assumed the part of Sir Harcourt Courly in *London Assurance* at a moment's notice, taking the place left suddenly vacant by the defection of Harry Eytling from the Mather company. Mr. Jepson's performance received universal praise from the local critics.

Lea Fontainebleau is still with Atkinson's *Aphrodite* company. She is engaged for the season. She has made no arrangement for next season, however.

A letter from A. L. Bradley, agent for Kate Castleberry, states that during the month of January Crazy Patch was played to the largest receipts in its existence.

According to Manager Kit Clarke, Marguerite Fish has done a surprisingly good business, making money every week since she began her tour in an English repertoire. Among new members of the company, charged to support the sobrette are Aaron H. Woodhall, Charles H. Phillips, John B. Savage, Minnie Williams and Grace Sherwood.

Francis Reid writes that the business at the Cleveland Park theatre during the *Edie Kilgus* engagement was extraordinarily large. The house for the entire week was sold in advance. The production of *Egypt* (Laura Don't) *Daughter of the Nile* proved highly successful. For Saturday night a club brought 300 seats.

Edward Cameron, of Monroe and Rice's company, is singing his new song, "Star of My Soul, Shine on Me," with great success, and Louise Leslie, of the same company, is meeting with the same success in a English repertoire. "When Violents Bloom Again." Mr. Rice has made a pronounced hit in his new topical song, "Man, Poor Man." George Monroe has added some excruciatingly funny verses to his "Ed, Did I Hear You?"

Ray Briscoe is playing the naive and sprightly role of Taudry in *Hearts of Oak*, which Mr. Herne has recently revived. In this role Miss Briscoe is having even better success than in *The Minute Men*.

M. E. Fuld has left Louise Pomeroy's company, owing to a lapse of \$437 in salary. While being pushed into the well in Lady Audley's Secret, last Saturday night, in Richmond, Va., Mr. Fuld accidentally kicked Miss Pomeroy, Mr. Elliott, her husband, thumped Mr. Fuld. An assault and battery and a civil suit (for salary) are in progress. Mr. Fuld is no longer with the company.

John Kimball has rewritten much of Gill's burlesque, *Arcturion*, and introduced so much new business that very little of the old burlesque remains. "While I am not a great author," writes Miss Kimball, "I have quite a knack in adapting and rearranging dialogue, situations and music. I am proud to say that my last work in this line has been very successful, and that *Arcturion* has proved to be Corinne's strongest drawing card. It is my intention to drop the chestnut comic opera, as I have been at great expense in costumes and scenery for *Arcturion*. Next season I shall play only the largest and best theatres and at regular prices."

Henry Arthur Jones' drama, *The Noble Vagabond*, is said to be drawing crowded houses at the Princess. The severe criticisms staved its success for a time, but Mr. Jones determined to give it a fair trial, and his courage is meeting with due reward. Many of the best critics praise the drama very highly. William Archer, of the *London World*, says that it is undoubtedly the best drama produced since *The Silver King*, and as a mere exercise in construction is worthy of *O'Henry*.

At their residence in Philadelphia, last Friday evening, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Reed, parents of Edie Kilgus, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. "Pop" Reed has been connected with the Philadelphia theatres for over sixty-two years, and has contributed songs, dialogue and grandchildren to the theatrical world. His children and great-grandchildren are present at the wedding. The venerable couple are hale and hearty, and have a fair chance of living to celebrate their diamond wedding. Mr. Reed was groomsman at the Walnut Street Theatre for fifty-six consecutive seasons.

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Avling, Henry
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Burt, Laura
Baker, Maud
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Brookman, C. H.
Belle, Louise, Miss
Brewer, W. P.
Barringer, Chas.
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Carter, W. H.
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Carlyle, H. Newton
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McDowell, R. J.
Mathews, Fannie
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St. Julien, Louis
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Wilson, Kate
Widdow, H. W.
Webb, E. B.
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Wood, W. W.

"The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America."

Managerial Blind-Man's Buff.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera having scored an emphatic failure in London, its American production is awaited with considerable interest and curiosity. Naturally the enterprising managers that paid dearly for this pig in a poke are anxious to save their bacon, and to that end frantic paragraphs are outcropping here and there prophesying for Ruddygore a success in this country as relatively pronounced as the English fiasco. Of course these efforts are designed to counteract the unfavorable reports of the opera that have come from disinterested sources on the other side. But we do not imagine they will have much weight with either the critics or the public, as both are accustomed to judge for themselves in these matters.

An opinion prevails that Ruddygore, having been condemned by an impartial jury of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's own countrymen, will secure a like verdict here. We do not mean to imply by this that Ruddygore's failure is a foregone conclusion—it is simply a question of probability. The proverbial fairness of the supporters of our stage can be confidently counted upon for a suspension of judgment until the opera is given a hearing.

Should, however, the London verdict be sustained, Messrs. Stetson and McCaull will have learned a lesson that will make them more cautious about burning their fingers the same way in future. The foolishness of giving extravagant terms in advance for unmade operatic goods is not materially lessened because the authors of the prospective production are both skilled and famous. The cleverest writers have had the bitterest disappointments. The work of the past is not an infallible surety for the work of the future. This was exemplified in Princess Ida, which, despite its artistic merit, was commercially valueless. Another example was recently furnished by Bronson Howard's Met by Chance. Every unwritten play and opera is a risky experiment—a lottery. How eminently absurd is it for impresarios, that are expected to exercise calm judgment in the selection of pieces, to pay large sums to secure untried, nay, unmade, foreign works, solely because the

men that are going to write and compose them previously supplied attractive material.

The lottery line of management does not commend itself to those that believe in stable, businesslike managerial methods. There have been more blanks than prizes drawn of late. Discountenancing as we do the hit-and-miss style of procedure, we are not sorry that this is so. Our hope is that loss and disappointment will eventually obliterate the precedent of heavily investing on chance and playing a foolishly unprofitable game of blind-man's buff.

The Theatre Hat.

The press is to be credited with many public benefactions, and the latest is its universal and successful war on the big theatre hat. The effort of the manager of the Lyceum to induce lady visitors to remove their headgear altogether has been only partially productive of good results. But the journalistic crusade has led to a general abatement of the irritating nuisance. Fashion will withstand a good deal of ridicule—for fashion, being mostly ridiculous itself, has grown used to it—but the strong guns of journalism have been trained so persistently on the monstrous hat that it stands in the way of being completely demolished.

Already the swell milliners have removed the atrocities from their shop-windows, and the demand for them has grown beautifully less. A glance over the audience at our most fashionable theatres shows the big hat to be the exception where a short time since it was the rule. The women now generally wear a sensible structure of moderate height and reasonable width, which neither obstructs the view above nor beside, and makes the fair owner incalculably fairer to the eyes of the masculine play-goer. The dimensions of the new gear are quite within reasonable bounds and the comfort and satisfaction of the people that go to the theatre to see what goes on upon the stage is materially enhanced in consequence.

The influence of the newspapers' little "combine" against the obscuring hat has extended to most of the large cities. It is demonstrated in sedate and decorous Philadelphia, where, according to the reliable Record, "there has been a general response among the lady theatre-goers of the city to the outcry against hats in the parquet, but it has taken the form of wearing a smaller head-covering, and does not involve an entire removal of the beribboned structure. Half a score or so of unbonneted feminine heads were to be seen at the Opera House on almost any evening of last week, but their owners were usually either of an uncertain age or in the sere of yellow leaf of over-ripe maturity. Fashionable ladies did not remove their bonnets, because there was no occasion for it."

Let the good work go on until the big hat has become a dim phantom of the past.

The Human Voice.

The human voice, whether used in speaking or singing, is capable of improvement or deterioration, like all other organs of the body. Nature will, for the most part, give a rough but real production, such as we hear in the Swiss peasant's "Jodel," the Venetian gondolier's "Barcarolle," the huntsman's "View hallo," or the sailor's "Ship ahoy!" In all these the voice comes naturally from the mouth and, though often marred by evil pronunciation, has a basis of solid sound. But, even as "a little learning is a dangerous thing," so, the moment the speaker or singer begins to fancy himself, he also begins to cultivate his voice—and here the trouble begins.

There were, and are, although the number is daily diminishing, some teachers of vocal music who, by experience and rule of thumb, turn out pupils whose voices are not ruined. But these are expensive and hard to come by. On the other hand there are hosts of fiddlers, trombone players, pianists, etc., who, finding it more profitable to teach singing than to exercise their very moderate abilities on their proper instruments, set up as "voice builders"—a very vile name for a very vile impostor—and break more voices in a year than nature forms in ten.

Nothing is so foolish as the trusting of the most beautiful but most delicate instrument in the world to the guidance of know-nothings. What would a violinist say if a singer was to profess the violin? He would break all his strings and smash his fiddle with rage. Then why should he dare to teach singing? Elocution suffers under the self-same plague. Scores of actors set up to train beginners and "prepare them for the stage," ignorant themselves of the very rudiments of the

art, these pretenders but exaggerate and confirm the faults of the pupil, and add their own shortcomings to the original error.

"If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." Better, far better, to trust to nature alone than to follow various ways. Better to shout on the seashore with pebbles in the mouth, as Demosthenes is said to have done, than to imitate the throaty or nasal tones and the imperfect enunciation of unlettered frauds or boastful pretenders. If teachers must be resorted to, let care be taken that none but the very best be employed.

Personal.

MAYNARD.—Agnes Maynard has rejoined Louise Pomeroy as leading lady.

PALMER.—A. M. Palmer has been elected Vice-President of the Goethe Club.

FOY.—Mrs. Foy, mother of Bertha and Ida Foy, died in Topeka, Kas., on Feb. 7.

HERNDON.—Agnes Herndon was tendered a reception at the McClure House, W. Va., last week.

BRISTOL.—Professor D. M. Bristol is considering a European tour with his Equestrian Circus.

HERNDON.—Agnes Herndon is meeting with success in the West with her Commercial Tourist's Bride.

DINED.—Wilson Barrett and W. J. Scanlan were dined at the St. Nicholas in Cincinnati by Judge J. W. Fitzgerald.

HARKINS.—D. H. Harkins is specially engaged to play the Banished Duke in As You Like It in support of Rose Coghlan.

REA.—Frank Rea, who was seriously injured on the stage some weeks ago is able to about and is slowly convalescing.

BANTROFT.—Helen Bancroft has retired temporarily from Boucicault's company on account of illness and returned to the city.

BURNETT.—Frances Hodgson Burnett is the author of a criticism of Wilson Barrett's acting in a recent issue of the Chicago News.

BOOTH.—The advance sale of seats for Booth's Cincinnati engagement realized somewhere between nine and ten thousand dollars.

RANKIN.—McKee Rankin plays an engagement next week in Harlem. He plays the minor theatres for the remainder of the season.

PERZEL.—William Perzel has given up Marie Prescott's management, and no longer holds any relations, business or otherwise, with her.

HERNDON.—T. J. Herndon is specially engaged to accompany Minnie Maddern to San Francisco and continue to play Jethro Baxter in Caprice.

VAUGHN.—Blanche Vaughn, Roland Reed's one-time popular soubrette, and now starring in Silver Spur, is convalescing from an attack of measles.

BRIGHAM.—Willard Brigham joined Miss Fortescue's company in Washington on Monday night to play the leading heavy role in Gretchen.

MARSDEN.—Fred Marsden's talented daughter has just had published a song entitled "Toboggan," the words and music of which are of her own making.

MADDERN.—Minnie Maddern temporarily closes in Wheeling, W. Va., on Feb. 19, and then prepares for the journey to San Francisco, where she opens early in March.

BELLEW.—Kylie Bellw ought to be happy. In Harbor Lights his costume puts six pockets within easy reach—two in his trousers, two in his roundabout and two in his waistcoat.

MORTIMER.—Gustave Mortimer has changed his determination not to leave the city and has gone South to look after the interests of his stars, Louis James and Marie Wainwright.

JOHNSTONE.—Sibyl Johnstone is pleasing Western audiences by her performances of the title role in Bartley Campbell's Clio. Miss Johnstone's progress has been rapid of late.

HUNTINGTON.—Wright Huntington is meeting with success as leading support to Jane Coombe; but he writes that, in all his stage career, he was never called upon for so much study.

SCHORFFEL.—John Schoeffel divides his time between this city and Boston. He usually goes on to the latter city on Sunday night and returns about the middle of the week.

HEATH.—Marie Heath, who has been at the bedside of her dying mother at Kirkwood, Ill., for the last two months, has returned East, and will shortly join the company playing Aphrodite.

ELLISER.—Edie Elliser's recent engagement in Cleveland was by far the greatest she ever had in her home city. The demand for seats was so great that free admissions were summarily shut off.

AIKEN.—Frank E. Aiken writes that rather than play one-night stands he has closed his season. He will reopen in Philadelphia on Easter Monday. He says his season has been fairly successful.

CALEF.—Jennie Calef is suing the Biemiller estate, owner of the Opera House at Sandusky, O. She wants \$10,000 damages for the injuries she sustained on the stage of the house last spring.

DANIELS.—Carrie Daniels, who has been winning fame in England, intends returning to this country for next season. Miss Daniels is a talented woman who has worked for and deserves her success.

BARRETT.—Wilson Barrett's engagement in Cincinnati was equally successful, and hearty recalls were nightly given.

WED.—W. H. Clark, of the Boston Ideals, and Gertrude Toussaint, of Boston, were united in wedlock in that city on Feb. 7. The bride was formerly a member of the Ideals.

COLLIER.—Edmund Collier has joined Andrews' Michael Strogoff company to play the title role in place of Frank Bangs, who is ill. He made his bow at Ft. Scott, Kas., on Monday night.

DE BELLEVILLE.—Fred. de Belleville has been engaged for the leading role in John A. Stevens' new play, Passing Shadows, which will have its first presentation at the People's Theatre next month.

CORINNE.—Manager H. R. Jacobs has presented Corinne with a fine gold watch and chain. The watch is inscribed: "Presented to Corinne. May success always be with you. Best wishes of H. R. Jacobs."

TITUS.—Tracy Titus is seeking health at Sierra Madre Villa, a few miles from Los Angeles, Cal. One report says he is improving; another, that he is much worse. There is meagre authority for the latter.

ARONSON.—Edward Aronson is one of the most earnest workers on the present Board of Trustees of the Actors' Fund. His services have been most valuable in the fulfilment of every duty that has been assigned to him.

KEMBLE.—Frankie Kemble and her play, Sybil, were highly favored by the press of Albany and other cities during the week of Jan. 31. This week Miss Kemble is appearing at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn.

HOYT.—Edward N. Hoyt, who was leading man for Joseph Proctor four years ago, and has been since then with Fred. Warde, is now playing Calus Claudius, Montano, etc., in support of Louis James and Marie Wainwright.

BENSBERG.—Kate Bensberg, the prima donna, has won her suit against the American Opera Company. She was paid all she claimed, with costs. Miss Bensberg is at the head of her own company this season, and is meeting with success.

KEAN.—Emily Kean has two or three offers for next season. One offer is that she shall star in a recent comedy success; and the Hanlons look toward her in view of their revival of Le Voyage in Suisse, in which she originally appeared in this country.

CLARGES.—Verner Clarges' work in support of Rose Coghlan is worthy of more than passing mention. He is having a good hearing in New York during the Union Square engagement, and what he does should claim the attention of managers who are judicious in selection.

HENDERSON.—Wemyss Henderson has left the business management of the James-Wainwright company, and is in the city disengaged. Mr. Henderson believes that Mr. James and Miss Wainwright will be established as paying stars next season.

TANNENBAUM.—Thrifty Jake Tannenbaum, the Southern manager, is combining a bridal tour with the strictly business interests of Mme. Janish and Annie Pixley. At last advice the happy couple were at ancient St. Augustine in the land of flowers.

MORDAUNT.—Imagine Frank Mordaunt playing Michael Muldoon in Muldoon's Picnic! That is what he has been recently doing in San Francisco. But, then, Mr. Mordaunt is a versatile actor, and never plays anything badly. No doubt he gave a better performance than the original.

WINNETT.—Winnett's Passion's Slave company opened in Syracuse on Monday night to a jammed house—hundreds turned away. T. H. Winnett was presented by the company with a diamond badge. The Elks Lodge attended in a body, and a banquet followed at the Vanderbilt.

MINOR.—Mr. L. L. Minor, THE MIRROR's Uniontown (Pa.) representative, was in town last week. Mr. Minor is prominent in legal circles in Western Pennsylvania, and was a moving factor in the famous McNutt-Duke murder trials. Although the names are spelled differently, Mr. Minor is a distant kinsman of Manager Harry Miner.

CHRISTIANSON.—A. H. Christianson, for a season or so on J. M. Hill's executive staff, has left the ranks of the advance agents and accepted a position as travelling man for a well-known manufacturing firm of this city. He receives a snug salary and his expenses, with prospects of advancement.

FITZ-ALLAN.—Adelaide Fitz-Allan has been for some time a pupil of Professor Alfred Ayres, and the teacher speaks very highly of her progress. He looks upon her as one of his most promising pupils. This conveys a compliment to Miss Fitz-Allan, as Mr. Ayres is nothing if not arbitrary in his teaching.

BRISCOE.—Ray Briscoe, of James A. Herne's company, had a narrow escape from gas suffocation at her hotel in Chicago the other day. She accidentally turned on the gas when she thought she was turning it off. When discovered, a physician said: "Another half hour would have been too late."

RHEA.—Mlle. Rhea is having a triumphant Southern tour. Before her arrival in Lynchburg, Va., one night last week, a ladies' association passed vigorous anti-steep-hat resolutions and then attended the performance in a body and without altitudinous headgear. It was also resolved "to send copies of the resolutions to the families of the afflicted." Rhea opened to a packed house and everybody had a clear view of the stage.

PIGGOTT.—J. W. Piggott has been seriously ill for some weeks, but he is fortunately about again. In a night or too he will assume the part of Colley Cibber in Peg Woffington at the Lyceum.

ABBOTT.—The familiar face of Emma Abbott is pictured on our first page this week. The prima donna has been having a very successful season, her Western engagements proving especially lucrative.

NORTON.—Report comes from St. Louis that John W. Norton's physicians have given up his case as hopeless. Their diagnosis points to no specific organic disease, but to nervous debility that is now affecting the brain.

AKERSTROM.—Ullie Akerstrom is meeting with flattering success in New England with her new play, Renah, the Gypsy's Daughter. On its second presentation in Brockton, Mass., last week, the City Theatre was too small to accommodate all who came in attendance. The success of the play gives it the most prominent place in Miss Akerstrom's repertoire.

KELLERD.—John E. Kellerd, of the Held by the Enemy company, received two presents from his wife while in St. Louis a week or so ago. The first was the toga and shirt worn by John McCullough in Brutus, and bought from John W. Norton. The second was a son and heir weighing 8 1-2 pounds, bright and handsome, but in other respects resembling his father.

DAYTON.—Helen Dayton (formerly Mrs. W. H. Courtney) was formerly prominently identified with the amateur stage in Brooklyn. She sustained leading roles in the Amaranth and Kemble societies and achieved signal success. She latterly returned from a trip abroad, and her friends have urged her to adopt the stage professionally—a desire that is likely to be fulfilled the coming season.

RHIND.—The venerable Mr. Rhind, stage doorkeeper at the Union Square Theatre, will pass his eightieth birthday on Feb. 20. He has been the Cerberus at the little lodge for a decade, and was for many years with the Conways in Brooklyn. Stage doorkeepers are not proverbial for amiability—they have too much to contend with; but Mr. Rhind has a cheery good-night for everybody who passes without the gates, from star to "grip." His coming natal day ought to be made pleasant for him.

Play-Stealing Again.

The black flag of piracy, which for a long time has rarely flown upon the dramatic high seas, is again at the peak of several marauding craft.

Manager A. M. Palmer reports a flagrant case to THE MIRROR, to which his attention has been called by Louis Aldrich. While playing in Ithaca, N. Y., last week, Mr. Aldrich found that A. L. Wilber's "Madison Square Company" was announced to give copyrighted pieces this week at Wilgus' Opera House, the only theatre in that city. A dodger, sent on by Mr. Aldrich, states that the party is "boundless in its ability to please" with A Celebrated Case, Fanchon, The Galley Slave, Joshua Whitcomb, The Virginian, Esmeralda and other pieces known to be private property.

Mr. Aldrich states that Wilber has made some money, and so, in a measure, is a responsible party. Mr. Palmer says that besides Esmeralda, Wilber issues circulars advertising The Private Secretary, Hazel Kirke and other Madison Square belongings. As Wilber is not so far distant as to be difficult to reach, Mr. Palmer and the other managers injured ought to seek legal redress promptly and make an example of this brazen appropriator. Some of his lithographs, by the way, bear the imprint of the Strobbridge Company. How is that?

A well-known combination manager also calls our attention to another impudent case of piracy. The head and front of this offending is "The sterling young actor, Warren Noble," who, with a brass band and The Lights of London, Hazel Kirke, Young Mrs. Winthrop, Our Bachelors, East Lynne, Private Secretary, Fanchon, Fogg's Ferry, The Silver King, The Banker's Daughter, My Partner, M'iss and other pieces, boldly invades the cross-roads and hamlets of Iowa. Some of his pirating comes from the Journal Company, Des Moines, Ia. Apparently the name is designed to mislead the worthy bumpkins into the belief that they are to see Milton Nobles.

Two things are evident: First, that the Bureau of Stolen Plays in this city and wicked Chicago, which THE MIRROR some years ago exposed and temporarily broke up, is again in full blast, and that the meandering pirates secure their copies of M. S. pieces from this source; and second, that our National Legislature must be brought, sooner or later, to see the necessity of amending the domestic copyright laws, so that play-stealing will be a criminal misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment as well as fines.

Future of Harbor Lights.

"Harbor Lights has proved a great success financially at Wallack's Theatre," said Frank W. Sanger to a MIRROR reporter yesterday, "the receipts for the week averaging over \$1,200 a night. Lester Wallack, Arthur Wallack and Theodore Moss are all delighted, and by arrangement with them T. Henry French and myself have secured the entire production for representation on the road next season." The company which is at present playing in Hoodman Blind, including Mr. Haworth, will be cast in the play. Only time from two to six weeks at each place will be booked, and that only in the largest cities. The company will, I think I am safe in saying, be the strongest and the production the greatest as regards scenery, etc., that has ever been put on the road. All the scenery and effects now being used at Wallack's will go with it."

The Usher.



Charles Warren writes: "Friend Usher (for friend you certainly are to all MIRROR readers), I make bold to enclose you 'A Sigh from the Dressing Room.' Force of surroundings and intimacies with many palmy-day actors seduced me into the perpetration." The Usher conducts Mr. Warren to a seat in the front where he can deliver

THE BACK NUMBER'S LAMENT.

The old-timer sat on a dressing-room chair, And lamented the drama's decay. He spoke of the good old times When he had had his day. He spoke of Burton: "I be older Booth— And he sorrowfully on his head— He sighed, 'The drama is a bit red' Then he borrowed a bit of red.

He spoke of his Hamlet, his Macbeth and Lear, How they differed from those of to-day. How the press and public pronounced him the peer Of the greatest that ever held sway. Of the public he spoke with sarcasm keen. Of the play we did that night. He said, "The drama has gone to the dogs." Then he borrowed a bit of white.

The young upstarts, with more cheek than brains, Who pushed themselves to the fore, Were set down upon by this Old Time Rocks. For they touched his very heart's core. "I'd like to see them in a round of parts. 'I would take them down a peg or two. The drama is gone beyond recall.' Then he borrowed a bit of blue.

"The grease-paints they use to make up the face Were not seen in the palmy days— A bit of burnt paper, some white of the wall, Were enough for those good old plays. No elaborate dressing, no furniture grand, Were needed to draw houses big. Ah! the drama now is a thing of the past." Then he borrowed the youngest man's wig.

The managers now are not actors as then; The big salaries that they pay Are all a delusion, a snare and a myth; At least they don't come my way. The leading man now has no fire or force; Act? Who says he can? With a sigh and a moan and a face of his own, He goes on for a second old man.

The revival of *The Taming of the Shrew* in this city recalls a good story of Webster's famous representation of the play in its entirety at the London Haymarket.

The management determined to give the piece as nearly as tradition said it was done in the author's time. No scenery was used. In place of it were two large green-baize screens, on which, as the scene was supposed to change, placards were hung, reading, "This is a Bed-chamber in the Lord's House," "A Room in Baptista's House," etc. The induction was given, and the beginning of the mimic play found Christopher Sly seated in one corner of the stage, where he remained throughout the whole five acts, observing the players. Webster wished to press as many favorites as possible into the cast. He offered the part of the thinker to Strickland, well liked at the time by the Haymarket pit.

"I'll do the part," said Strickland, "on the one condition that you supply me with all the hot brandy-and-water I want during the performance."

"Agreed!" said Webster, delighted at securing his man so easily. The first night Strickland pushed his goblet off to be filled so often that the bill for his brandy was eleven shillings and sixpence. Webster was horrified at the expense, but he couldn't help himself. A few nights after, Strickland was to play in Tom Noddy's Secret as an afterpiece to *The Taming of the Shrew*. Webster found him, when he was wanted, in a state of speechless intoxication, and somebody had to go on and "wing" the part of Tom.

Sly's refections were literally the death of poor Strickland. One night, having sat out the five acts with a plentiful accompaniment of spirits, he rolled home to his lodgings, tumbled into bed, tumbled out again with his head downward, and was found stone dead next morning—the result of apoplexy.

Fred Lubin, the proprietor of Clarendon Hall, is a skeptic in the matter of Irving Bishop's "mind-reading" feats. He asks me to publish the following challenge to Bishop, which the latter—if he be confident of his powers—will not hesitate to act upon:

"I attended the so-called Mind-reading Bishop show on Monday evening and remained until its close. I was surprised to see so many respectable gentlemen lending themselves to such trickery. Bishop's closing trick was to tell the number on a bank bill. I hereby agree to donate my cheque for \$250 to the Actors' Fund if the said Bishop will tell the number on a bill that I will place in an envelope or let some one hold it. If he fails I will expect his cheque for the same purpose."

Now then, Mr. Bishop, here's a chance to prove the merit of your claims. I will say this for Lubin, that his word is as good as his cheque, and that is quoted at par.

The toboggan slide has superseded the skating rink as a subject for the attentions of the

serio-chronic song-writer. The change is not a bad one.

The Secretary of a Western labor organization requests me to announce the fact that a boycott has been placed on a theatre in a certain town. The object of this request, of course, is to injure the establishment in the estimation of travelling companies. Having no sympathy with this desire, and not hankering to help along any of the retaliatory methods of alien extraction that are too prevalent just at present, I must beg to decline, with thanks, to insert the more or less interesting piece of information in question.

"Subscriber" wishes me to tell him what course to pursue in order to start a lodge of Elks in his city. Mr. Moreland, Secretary of the Grand Lodge of that philanthropic organization, directs my correspondent to put himself in communication with William G. Myers, 124 Exchange Place, Philadelphia, who will furnish all the information that may be desired.

The title of the present Wallack play offers irresistible temptations to word-jugglers. Nelson Wheatcroft, walking by the establishment the other day, glanced up at the mimic beacon aloft, and asked what were the prospects for a run.

"The chances are Wallack will harbor light houses until the end of the season," replied Wheatcroft without blenching.

This is positively the worst yet.

Even in the olden days *THE MIRROR* had a hand in all important metropolitan dramatic events. Commodore Tooker has a play-bill in his office, yellowed with years, of Edmund Simpson's benefit on Thursday, Sept. 27, 1838. This direction appears on it: "The box-plan is left at the office of *THE NEW YORK MIRROR*, No. 1 Barclay street, next door to Broadway, where places may be secured under the direction of the committee."

A correspondent tells me to ask Robson and Crane to have "Pickwick Papers" dramatized, so that Robson can play Alfred Jingle and Crane Mr. Pickwick. "The short, jerky way that Jingle has in talking," adds my correspondent, "will fit Robson's rapid lip splendidly." Good scheme for Rob.—bad for Crane—very. Partners in fortune—twins in fame—"fat" must be share and share alike, Jingle's "fat" is verbal—Pickwick's only abdominal. I saw Irving in Jingle at the Lyceum eight or nine years ago. How accurately did he suit Dickens's description of the character! "He was about the middle height, but the thinness of his body, and the length of his legs gave him the appearance of being much taller. His long, black hair escaped in negligent waves from beneath each side of his old, pinched-up hat. His face was thin and haggard, but an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man." Irving was Jingle, but I confess I can't see Robson or anybody else I know in the role.

Mr. O'Neill's Hamlet.

Manager E. E. Zimmerman arrived from the South on Sunday. In conversation with a *MIRROR* reporter he said: "The business of James O'Neill's Monte Cristo company has been larger than ever before, and the reports of bad business in the South from some companies are entirely wrong. It was never in better condition, and all the good companies have done very well, especially in Birmingham, Ala., and Chattanooga Tenn., where the boom is immense. Many people cannot get hotel accommodation at Birmingham, and to make it comfortable for theatrical people F. P. O'Brien, the manager, has fitted up some rooms at his opera house, as well as his dressing rooms, for the accommodation of the companies."

"Mr. O'Neill made his long-promised appearance as Hamlet at Mobile, on Wednesday, Jan. 19, with great success, repeating it on Feb. 1 at Birmingham. The press of that city, in speaking of the performance, stated that it was smooth, quiet and easy, while the reading was faultless. Mr. O'Neill is warmly commended for his freedom from rant, and a great future is predicted for him should he make the legitimate his one study. Next season he will add to his repertoire Hamlet, Corsican Brothers and Richelieu."

The Run of the Old Homestead.

The exterior of the Fourteenth Street Theatre in the early hour of last Saturday's matinee suggested a run on a savings bank, so dense was the crush. People were turned away in droves. "This is something unusual at matinees where a male star is the attraction," said Manager Rosenquest. "I do not think that Fritz Emmet, in the heyday of his handsomeness, ever drew such matinees. Business has been steadily on the increase all through the engagement. The Old Homestead remains here until April 2."

In the evening, the crowd was greater than ever, and the speculators were very active. One, more mercenary than the rest, charged a patron five dollars for two one-dollar seats. This came to the ears of Manager Rosenquest, and he compelled the speculator to disgorge. "We do our best to stop speculation," said the manager; "but this case of extortion roused me." And he then ordered one of his subordinates to put out two large signs—as large as the law would allow—warning patrons against the knights of the pave. "They do get hold of the tickets somehow—a few at a time, but always buying," said Mr. Thompson's treasurer, deprecatingly.

The Mirror Memorial Monument Fund.

Amount Subscribed, - \$3,524.10
Surplus, - - - - - 1,024.10

Although it was announced last week that considerably more than enough to pay for the Memorial Monument had been collected, the subscriptions have continued to come in. These already form a handsome surplus, that will suffice to maintain the Fund plot in good order and provide such headstones as may be needed for some time to come.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Trustees of the Actors' Fund last Thursday, Mr. Fiske, Editor of *THE MIRROR*, reported that \$3,191.20 had been secured for the monument since the last meeting of the Board—an excess of nearly \$700 beyond what was actually needed for the monument. Mr. Fiske suggested that, with subscribers' consent, the surplus should be held in reserve for placing headstones over the graves. The President thereupon requested the Cemetery Committee to report a resolution creating a permanent fund for providing gravestones and maintaining the grounds in Evergreens. Accordingly, the Treasurer of the Fund will set aside the surplusage for that purpose.

The Milwaukee Lodge or Elks, according to their telegram of advice, printed last week, have sent on \$100, through Secretary George Nicolai. The Elks throughout this movement have given many substantial evidences of their friendship for the profession, and the generosity of the Milwaukee branch will be gratefully remembered.

C. C. Jones, Secretary and Treasurer of the Opera House at Rockford, Ill., sends \$7.50, the contributions of himself, H. J. Gweneman, J. H. Warren and H. C. Osborne.

William M. Shultz, manager of Able Opera House, Easton, Pa., remits \$21.90, the amount collected from the attaches of his theatre. "I take pleasure in saying," adds Mr. Shultz, "that not one person refused to contribute, musicians and all falling into line."

Dr. Robert Taylor, physician to the Fund, has handed in \$10, the subscriptions of Dr. Lewis Sayre and E. C. Gotting.

M. C. Hitchcock, our correspondent at Ansonia, Ct., turns in \$5, the gift of H. S. Holbrook A. S. Platt and the sender.

Charles S. Fettes, *THE MIRROR*'s representative in New Orleans, sends \$5, collected by him from R. J. Lowden, manager of the Avenue Theatre, for the Fund.

H. Vreeland remits \$2, the subscriptions of himself and C. H. Bowker, of Flint, Mich.

W. D. Kincaid, our Allentown, Pa., representative, sends a list of subscribers with a cheque from that place, and writes: "All those in the list are more or less benefited by the visits of professional people to Allentown. The amount is not large, yet every little does its share toward raising the shaft skyward or placing a token of remembrance at the head of the grave of some friend who has passed away."

Our correspondent at Sherman, Tex., Mrs. H. C. Morrow, sends a subscription list on which appears her name and those of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hope.

Fifteen dollars is the amount subscribed by Mr. Schroeder, business manager, and Messrs. O'Connor, Shea, Dousby, Swasey, Welch, Sweet, Maloney and Samuelson—all attaches of the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Frederick Paulding supplements his former collections by two more from Helen Gidden, of the Margaret Mather Company, and Ida Jeffries.

Charles Plunkett, of McCaull's Black Husar company, writes as follows:

"Have been in the woods some time—that is, doing one-night stands. Therefore, I was not aware of the Monument Fund. Last week in Cleveland gave me an opportunity to read *THE MIRROR*. I hope I am not too late to be among the goodly string of contributors, for I am in hearty sympathy with the object of the Fund, and feel positive the surplus will be excellently applied to some closely allied object."

Annie Wood has not ceased her good endeavors in behalf of *THE MIRROR* Memorial Fund. She has, since our last issue, brought in donations from Best & Co., of Twenty-third street; the Gorham Manufacturing Company, of Broadway and Nineteenth street; E. A. Morrison, importer, 893 Broadway; E. H. Johnson, of the Edison Light Company, 16 Broad street; U. S. Illuminating Company, 59 Liberty street; H. C. F. Koch, Sixth avenue and Twentieth street, and A. H. Andrews. Miss Wood's collections for this object aggregate five hundred dollars, and she reports that there are several more to hear from.

Individual subscriptions to this week's published list come from C. E. Weeden, agent of the Howorth company; T. O. Ihmsen, our very efficient correspondent at Pittsburg, Pa.; Arthur and Jennie Dunn, of Ezra Kendall's Pair of Kids company; William E. Burroughs; Roland Reed, the popular comedian; Sicher and Doyle, through Max Jacobs, of Sedalia, Mo.; Augusta Foster, the estimable actress, at present with Edwin Booth's company; E. P. Guerard, our esteemed representative at Charleston, S. C.; J. Alex. Brown, dramatic agent, 64 East Fourteenth Street; Fred. Weber, of Ada, O.; R. E. Smith, of Winnipeg, Man.; Verner Clarges, of the Rose Coghlan company; J. O. Milson, manager of the New Masonic Theatre at Nashville, Tenn., and W. F. Butts, of Waltham, Mass.

Following are the names of the subscribers and the amounts contributed from Thursday, Feb. 3, to Wednesday evening, Feb. 9, inclusive, in the order of their receipt:

C. C. Jones, Rockford, Ill.	\$ 5.00
H. J. Gweneman, Rockford	30
J. H. Warren, Rockford	1.00
C. C. Osborne, Rockford	1.00
W. F. Butts, Waltham, Mass.	1.00
W. M. Shultz, Easton, Pa.	5.00
J. S. Newbrand, Easton	1.00
John Brunner, Easton	1.00
F. Schleicher, Easton	1.00
D. Everitt, Easton	1.00
W. H. Aicher, Easton	25
Charles Brunner, Easton	25
Charles Aicher, Easton, Pa.	15
F. B. Albright, Easton	25
E. K. Shultz, Easton	1.00
E. A. Hageman, Easton	30
R. Hageman, Easton, Pa.	50
George W. Schleicher, Easton	1.00
G. J. Taylor, Easton	1.00
John Galligan, Easton	30
George W. Schleicher, Easton	30
H. J. Tilton, Easton	30
G. F. Boyd, Easton	75
W. A. Ritter, Easton	30
E. Selp, Easton	30
Howard H. Melis, Easton	1.00
Millard Smith, Easton	25
John F. McKee, Easton	25
J. E. Wagner, Easton	25
C. E. Kassner, Easton	25
G. R. Stoneback, Easton	50
Mrs. Sallie Bullman, Easton	50
Mrs. J. P. Lawrence, Easton	25
John P. B. Shultz, Easton	25
Charles Messersmith, Easton	25
J. O. Milson, Nashville, Tenn.	100.00
Milwaukee Lodge, No. 45, B. P. O. E.	100.00
Any American, The Soldier Company	5.00
Gus Hennessy, Tin Soldier Company	2.00
Lewis Hall Sayre, 285 Fifth avenue, N. Y.	5.00
E. C. Gotting, 672 Eighth avenue, N. Y.	5.00
Verner Clarges, Rose Coghlan Company	2.00
R. E. Smith, Winnipeg, Man.	1.00
M. E. Hitchcock, Ansonia, Conn.	2.00
H. S. Holbrook, Ansonia	2.00
A. S. Platt, Ansonia	1.00
Fred. Weber, Ada, O.	1.00
J. Alexander Brown, 64 E. 14 Street, N. Y.	5.00
Augusta Foster, Edwin Booth Company	5.00
R. J. Lowden, New Orleans	5.00
E. F. Guerard, Charleston, S. C.	5.00
Sicher and Doyle, Sedalia, Mo.	3.00
H. Vreeland, Flint, Mich.	1.00
C. H. Bowker, Flint, Mich.	1.00
Roland Reed	10.00
Robert J. Koch, Allentown, Pa.	25
Harry Young, Allentown	25
City Item, Allentown	1.00
A. E. Kina, Allentown	50
H. H. Allentown	50
R. Wright, Allentown	50
W. K. Rhue, Allentown	50
Frank Sherer, Allentown	25
W. J. Ehrig, Allentown	25
J. E. Balliet, Allentown	25
W. K. Moore, Allentown	25
H. J. German, Allentown	50
Edgar Stein, Allentown	25
Cash	30
W. D. Kincaid	1.00
William E. Burroughs, New York	1.00
Mrs. H. C. Morrow, Sherman, Tex.	1.00
Mrs. E. W. Hope, Sherman, Tex.	1.00
E. W. Hope, Sherman, Tex.	1.00
Best and Company, 60 W. Twenty-third street	5.00
Gorham Mfg. Company, Broadway and Nineteenth street	10.00
E. A. Morrison, 893 Broadway	5.00
E. H. Johnson, 16 Broad street	25.00
U. S. Illuminating Company, 59 Liberty street	50.00
H. C. F. Koch, Sixth avenue and Twentieth street	10.00
Arthur and Jennie Dunn, Pair of Kids Company	2.00
Flint & Sons, 100 Broadway	5.00
Charles N. Schroeder	5.00
P. H. O'Connor	1.00
Daniel Shea	2.00
James Derby	1.00
S. T. Swasey	1.00
Charles H. Webb	1.00
Edward C. Smith	1.00
James Maloney	1.00
M. Samuelson	1.00
T. O. Ihmsen, Pittsburg, Pa.	5.00
G. F. Weeden, Agent Howorth Company	1.00
Helen Gidden, Margaret Mather Company	1.00
E. A. Jeffries, New York	1.00
A. H. Andrews, New York	15.00
Charles Plunkett, McCaull's Black Husar Company	5.00
Total	\$339.20
Previously acknowledged	3,191.20
Total amount subscribed to date	\$3,524.10

John T. Raymond telegraphs to the Editor of *THE MIRROR* from Baltimore:

"I congratulate you on the successful termination of your efforts in behalf of the Monument Fund. You deserve and will receive the thanks of the profession."

Sheridan Corby, manager of Frank Mayo, writes: "Let me congratulate you on the quick success of your Memorial Monument Fund subscription. It is the fastest time on record. 'Rah for *THE MIRROR*!'"

Adelaide Cherle sends a letter, saying: "Allow me to congratulate you upon the successful culmination of your earnest labor in regard to the Monument Fund."

"I am not in the least surprised that much more than the sum needed for the completion of the monument at Evergreens Cemetery was donated in the short space of four weeks," said Manager A. M. Palmer to a *MIRROR* reporter "because I know what the theatrical profession is, and I know how they act when they are once started on a good work. I think, too, that *THE MIRROR* is entitled to the hearty thanks of the profession for its earnest efforts in behalf of the Fund's work."

THE LEADING THEATRICAL PAPER.
Atlanta (Ga.) Evening Capital.
The *NEW YORK MIRROR* is the leading theatrical paper in the Union. Its numerous special features, its stage gossip and its wise criticism, make it interesting both to the profession and to the theatre-goers. Harrison Grey Fiske, the editor, is a gentleman and a writer, and the success of *THE MIRROR* is wholly due to his efforts.

A MUTUAL HONOR.
Lockport (N. Y.) Daily Union.
GREAT NEWS!—*THE NEW YORK MIRROR* (theatrical organ) for its Memorial Monument Fund has in four weeks received subscriptions aggregating \$3,191.20, or \$691.20 more than is actually needed to pay for the monument. This is another of the American newspapers' great feats, and it will be an honor to the professions of both actors and scribes.

IN LESS THAN FOUR WEEKS.
Philadelphia Record.
The *NEW YORK MIRROR* announces the completion of its Memorial Monument Fund, with a surplus of nearly \$700. Within less than four weeks \$3,000 was sent in by actors.

A GOOD WORK, WELL DONE.
Boston Times.
The *NEW YORK MIRROR* has shown its power by raising something over \$3,000 for the Memorial Monument for the Actors' Fund plot in Evergreens Cemetery. It was a good work and well done.

A JOURNALISTIC TRIUMPH.
The Knave.
Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, who is alive to all the exigencies of dramatic affairs, has scored a journalistic triumph in *THE NEW YORK MIRROR*, by the success of the "Actors' Monument Fund." The enterprise was a most laudable one, timely in conception and skilfully carried out.

AND MORE BESIDES.
Grand Rapids (Mich.) Sunday Telegram-Herald.
My bright young friend, Harrison Grey Fiske, Editor of *THE NEW YORK MIRROR*, has raised enough money for a beautiful memorial monument for the Actors' Fund Plot in the Evergreens Cemetery in Gotham, and enough more besides to erect handsome granite tomb-

stones at the head of the graves of those who will tread the boards no more. Mr. Fiske deserves the warm friendship of every actor in the land, for he has been, and is now, a good friend to them all.

Gossip of the Town.

George E. Gouge, an experienced advance agent, is at liberty.

Lurline, the Water Queen, has arrived in this city from England.

Louise Balfie and part of her company have reached the city from the South.

The Private Secretary company resumes its season in Philadelphia on Feb. 14.

Paul Nicholson has gone off in advance of the Maid of Belleville Opera company.

C. C. Raleigh, the author of *The Great Pink Pearl*, will arrive in New York the latter part of August.

Al Hayman will be here from San Francisco in a month and start for Europe on a pleasure trip.

Fred Williams and E. E. Kidder are engaged in preparing comedies for the Salisbury Troubadours.

The Lyceum Theatre will probably be open all Summer, when a number of outside companies will produce new plays.

A report that has gained some credence is to the effect that Imre Kiralfy will be a partner with Ed. Gilmore in Niblo's Garden next season.

A statement is current that a syndicate has recently been formed in London for the control and management of all the music-halls in that city.

A rumor is afloat that a well-known Western manager has secured the lease of a popular up-town theatre, and that papers have already been signed.

The Academy of Music, on which there is a mortgage of \$100,000, will be sold at auction on March 1—this being the final decision of the stockholders regarding its disposition.

Edna Courtney has been specially engaged by James F. Crossen to play Lillian in *The Banker's Daughter* during the engagement of the company at Poole's Theatre this week.

Charles H. Keeshin, for five years on J. W. Collier's executive staff, is at liberty through the closing of Edmund Collier's season. Mr. Keeshin has had twenty years' experience as advance agent and business manager.

Mme. Geisinger comes to this country on a visit this Spring. She will play one week at the Thalia Theatre in April, a week at the Baldwin, San Francisco, remain here during the Summer, and return to Germany in the Fall.

The comic opera *Maid of Belleville* is about to be revived in spectacular shape. A large company, carrying an orchestra, will open in Toronto next Monday night, Feb. 14. Maurice Hageman is engaged to direct the stage.

A delegation of forty members of Mansfield Post, No. 35, G. A. R., visited New Haven on Monday night to see the first production of a new play entitled *Missing Evidence*, from the pen of Mrs. Berdall, the wife of a well-known Brooklyn lawyer.

Annie Wood is at liberty for character and eccentric old women. Miss Wood's labors in behalf of the Actors' Fund are not the only reason why she should not remain long out of an engagement. She is an experienced and excellent actress.

Will P. Webster has resigned the business management of the Hardie-Von Leer company to become manager of Leon and Cushman in *On the Stage*. After a week on the road the company opens in Chicago at the Grand Opera House on Feb. 21.

Dockstader's Minstrels begin their road season on May 2 at Poughkeepsie, playing six weeks on the Eastern circuit and then laying off until July. About the middle of August they begin another six weeks' tour, in the West. The route has already been booked.

Beatrice Lieb, in Howard P. Taylor's latest dramatic comedy-drama, *Infatuation*, opens her season at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Feb. 23, under the management of Fred W. Bert. Among the company are G. Morton Price, Harry Woodruff and H. D. Blakemore.

Richard Mansfield and his comedy company, after a successful tour of the principal cities, will open at the Union Square Theatre on Feb. 21 in *Prince Karl*. Mr. Mansfield will be supported by the original company, the one which shared his success at the Madison Square Theatre last Summer.

J. F. Crossen's Banker's Daughter company presented Victor Durand for the first time on Saturday night at Cohoes, N. Y., making a pronounced hit. The successes of the play were made by Winnifred Sweet, James F. Crossen, Harry Linson, Ed. Travers and Marion A. Erie.

Dauncey Maskell has written from his retreat up in Nyack, New York, to Dockstader's Minstrels, to the effect that he wanted to be the first one to name the title of a burlesque on Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, and suggesting *Muddygore*. If the management wished to accept it he would send down, without any charge, a burlesque he had already written.

Dockstader's Minstrels have already burlesqued all of the current successes of the day. Beginning with *Erminie* and *Jim the Penman*, they have gone on to *The Taming of the Shrew*; are now engaged on a burlesque of *Harbor Lights*, and have already received four manuscript burlesques of *Ruddygore*, evidently taken from the descriptions of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera that have reached here through the newspapers.

Charles H. Hicks has booked a Spring season of eight weeks for Benj. Maginley, who will star in W. J. Florence's Irish drama, *Inshavogue*, to which he has secured exclusive rights. Mr. Maginley plays the part of an old Irish piper. Although he will not be called upon to be nimble-footed or to warble, there will be plenty of jiggins' and singin' in the play all the same. In the matter of booking, managers have shown a warm side toward the revival of *Inshavogue*.

Hercat, illusionist and humorist, gave one of his unique entertainments at Association Hall on Monday evening. The hall was jammed, and all were highly delighted with the programme, which was spiced with some of the well-known entertainer's most marvelous feats. Mme. Belle Cole sang, and *Frances Herbage* recited. By the way, Hercat is trying to secure a partner in establishing a permanent hall in the city. No such place of amusement now exists on this side the Atlantic, and there certainly seems to be room for an enterprise in this direction.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

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Gossip of the Town.



Emma Nevada, the plucky and gifted young American prima donna, has been lost to grand opera for some time, but her success in concert has been emphatic. A good picture of the artist appears above this paragraph.

The receipts of Harbor Lights at the two performances on last Saturday, in spite of the unpleasant weather, were over \$2,500.

Next season William Perzel will produce the two plays he bought recently in Paris and Vienna.

W. C. Crosbie has been engaged for the part of The Stranger in C. H. Hoyt's Hole in the Ground.

The costumes of the Rose Coghlan company at the Union Square Theatre are from the Eaves Costume Company.

Garrett W. Owens will have a benefit at the Academy on April 19. The affair will be under the auspices of a number of amateurs.

Eugene Bertram and Bissett Willard have closed a successful engagement with George Woodward and returned to town.

Beatrice Lieb and her company are rehearsing Intuition at Clarendon Hall, and they are progressing very favorably. The company will shortly open season.

Harvest Moon is the name of a melodrama written by J. H. Martin. It will be produced in this city next season, with Thomas H. Conners as business manager.

A. Brent is said to be the name of the mysterious author of Pen and Ink, the play that failed so dismally at the Union Square, when Helen Hastings recently made her American debut.

Prince Karl is to be revived in New York by Richard Mansfield, at the Union Square Theatre, Feb. 21. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde receives its first representation at the Boston Museum in April.

For the production in Philadelphia of Nelson Wheatcroft's play, Gwynne's Oath, thus far the following people have been secured: George R. Edson, Effie Shannon and Adeline Stanhope.

William Daly, of the American Four, died on Friday last in this city of hasty consumption. He was buried on Monday afternoon, quite a large number of professionals attending the funeral.

Many new songs and a lot of new business have been introduced in My Aunt Bridget, Monroe and Rice's screaming farce comedy, which has taken a new lease of life, and is meeting with success everywhere.

The 250th performance of Erminie takes place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 23, when the house will be turned into a flower garden. There will also be a promenade concert after the performance.

A. L. Erlanger has given up the management of Louise Balle and returned to New York from the South. He closed up the company in Knoxville, Tenn., but would vouchsafe no information as to the cause.

The Kindergarten has had a notable run in the city, in spite of its being presented at an obscure and out-of-the-way theatre. In the artistic sense it has been the talk of the town, the unemployed thespians giving it a special boost in their side remarks.

T. D. Marks, of the Main Line company, is having copyrighted an Amusement Directory to consist of a bulletin lithographed in twenty colors and containing frames for the announcements of all the theatres. It is Mr. Marks' intention to have them placed in all the hotels next season as an ornament to the parlors and for convenience of guests.

Next season Arthur Rehan will manage a strong company, playing a repertoire of Daly's successes. Special arrangements have been made for the sole rights to the comedies, and nearly a whole season of week stands is being booked. The settings will be an exact counterpart of the New York productions, and these and other paraphernalia will be carried in a special car. Mr. Rehan writes that it is his intention to make his company the leading travelling comedy organization next season.

Scene: A Club. Incident: Two elderly swells discussing a play.

"Did you see The Immovable Mountain last night, dear boy?"

"Va-a-a, old fel."

"How was Jones in the part of Mahomet, dear boy?"

"Vayry bad, old fel."

"So vayry—vayry—monumentally bad, dear boy?"

"Pyramidically bad, old fel."

In Rose Coghlan's support is G. Herbert Leonard, who has appeared in this country with John S. Clarke, Genevieve Ward, Taken from Life, Ristori, Wallack, Janish—in all playing leads or very good character parts. Mr. Leonard has also a fine English reputation, having appeared in companies supporting such thespians as T. C. King, Henry Irving, Adelaide Neilson, Charles Mathews, Wilson Barrett, Barry Sullivan, Kate Bateman and others. And yet he is still a young man; though he has been a rolling stone in almost every dominion over which the sun of England is supposed to be never subjected to a total eclipse.

Fannie Batchelder, who was the heroine of a night at the Standard Theatre last Summer, when she played in A Tin Soldier and appeared on the stage in the Harvard colors during a performance to which the Columbia College students had been invited, and was dismissed therefore, has been re-engaged by Charles H. Hoyt for her original part of Nora Marks, and will also probably have a part in A Hole in the Ground.

Henry E. Dixey's manager disclaims all idea of taking the Bijou Opera House for the production of a new burlesque next season. The theatre at which Dixey will appear this Spring, preparatory to his flying trip to San Francisco, has not yet been settled upon. Conrad and Theodora will be presented on Sept. 5 at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, for a run, and will also be produced in this city next season in an elaborate manner.

Edward Harrigan and his company sat down to a banquet after the first performance of McNooney's Visit at the Park Theatre, the result of the bet of \$200 between the manager and his scenic and mechanical artists as to whose work on the new piece would be ready first. Mr. Harrigan won the bet, beating the two gentlemen about four hours, the time necessary for painting and building up a drop scene and several set pieces. Among those who sat down to the repast were the two losers, William Vail and Charles W. Witham; Mr. Harrigan, Mart Hanley, Annie Yeamans, John Wild, Dan Collier, Mike Bradley, Harry Fisher, John and Joseph Sparks, George Merritt, Pete Goldrich, Dick Quilter, William West, G. L. Stout, Amy Lee, Anna Langdon, Nellie Wetherill and Emily Yeamans.

Mr. Walter J. Brooks returns his warmest thanks to his many friends and acquaintances who, by their assiduous attentions and tender sympathy, have alleviated many hours of agony and welcomed him back to life even after hope had almost failed.

Feb. 8, 1887. 213 West 21st St., New York.—Cov.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

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PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
The only place of amusement of the kind in the city. Ground floor. Elevated seats. Seating capacity 700. Population 8,000. Dates made with first class companies and on sharing terms.
G. W. SOURBECK, Proprietor and Manager.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y. Potter's Opera House.
Population, 16,000. Seating 1,000. Share or rent. Open dates for good attractions after Jan. 1.
N. S. POTTER, Manager.

ADIRSVILLE, KY. NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Southern terminus of N. & N. R. R. Capacity, 500. Good show town.
D. G. SIMMONDS, Manager.

BEAVER FALLS, PA. SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE.
The largest, best and most popular theatre in the county. Population 10,000. Seating capacity 1,200. Fifteen dressing-rooms. Stage 35x70; 12 sets scenery. Ground floor. Only first class attractions need write for time.
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BANGOR, MAINE. PENOBSCOT EXCHANGE.
House entirely refitted Jan. 1, 1887. Special rates and attention to the profession.
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BINGHAMTON, N. Y. BINGHAMTON OPERA HOUSE.
Population 25,000.
Now dating season 1887-8.
J. P. E. CLARK, Manager.

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Only one in the county. Seats 400. Prices 75c and \$1. Good companies and varieties attend.
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FAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO. OPERA HOUSE.
Managers of First-class Dramatic and Musical Companies. Attention! Wanted for balance of season 1886-87, first-class companies only. Only theatre in the city. Seats 1,000. Good stage; full set of scenery. Population of town 10,000, and a good show town, being close to all other surrounding towns and cities. On Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad. Direct route between Wheeling and Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. Now booking for February, March, April, May and June 1887. Popular prices. First-class combinations write at once.
Wanted, for one, two or three weeks, Jan. 17, good attraction.
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FLATONIA, TEXAS. NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 400.
W. WILLEFORD, Manager.

GREENVILLE, PITT COUNTY, N. C. SKINNER'S OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 500. Good show town. M. HORN, Manager.

GREENVILLE, MICH. PHILIPS' NEW OPERA HOUSE.
P. S. TURNER, Manager (T. J. PHILIPS, Proprietor). Seating capacity 1,000, all chairs. Stage 25x50. Full scenery. Plenty of open time.

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Population 8,000. Seats 1,200. Will play only standard companies at standard prices. O. R. HUNDLEY.

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Under new management. Seating capacity 1,000. On line of Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Time filling fast. Managers wanting dates write at once. Best show town on the line of this railroad, between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. This is one of the finest opera houses in Pennsylvania, with all the latest improvements.
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Near both theatres and depot. Special rates. First-class in every way.
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(Near both theatres.)
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KANSAS CITY, MO. NINTH STREET THEATRE.
A. JUDAH, W. H. THOMAS, Lessees and Managers.

The only popular-priced theatre in the city, now in course of construction, and will be opened March 14. Parquet, Dress Circle, Private Boxes, Balcony and Gallery all seated with upholstered, plush-finished opera chairs; heated with steam; capacity 1,500; stage 67x30 feet; stage opening, 6 feet; height of proscenium arch, 32 feet; to rigging loft, 46 feet.

Popular prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents. Boxes, 75c and \$1.

Weeks of April 4 and 18, and May 16, open.

Managers desiring time for season 1887-88 please write as early as possible. Address JUDAH & THOMAS.

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Now booking for next season.
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The Great Health Resort of the North. City's population, 5,000; transient, 200 to 2,000; size of house, 60x22; stage, 60x40; 20 sets scenery, full and complete; seating capacity, 1,000; folding chairs.

I want good attractions, such as dramatic company with band, comic opera, minstrel and strong variety show; will play on sharing terms only, which will be liberal to all strong drawing cos. I have open time in January, February and March, and will book companies for the Summer season or as late as the first of September, 1887. Would like to hear from all managers who are coming to Michigan the present season; also season of 1887-8. Mt. Clemens is on main line of G. T. R. R., twenty miles from Detroit. Companies can play here and at Port Huron, and make the best railroad connections for the Saginaw and other points. Managers will bear in mind that under this management Mt. Clemens will not be "showed to death." Not more than one company a week, and not more than two nights, will be booked.
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1886 SEASON 1887

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1886 - - Season - - 1887

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ULLIE AKERSTROM

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Renah, the Gypsy's Daughter.

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ADAM FOREPAUGH, Sole Lessee.

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GREAT NEW WILD WEST

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